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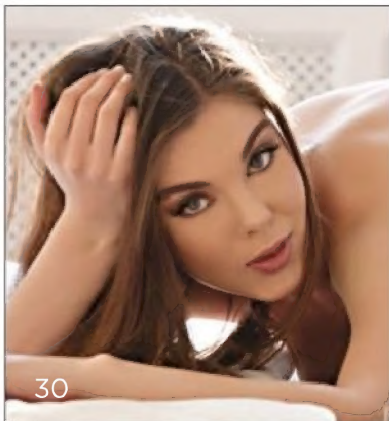
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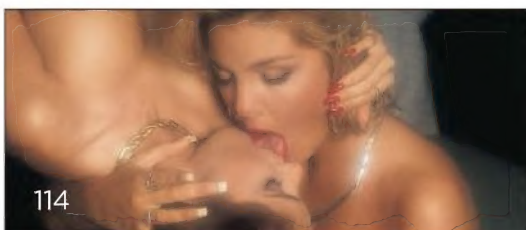
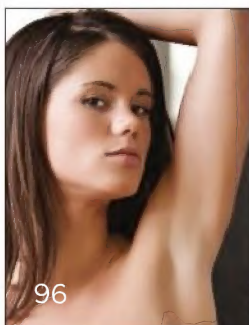
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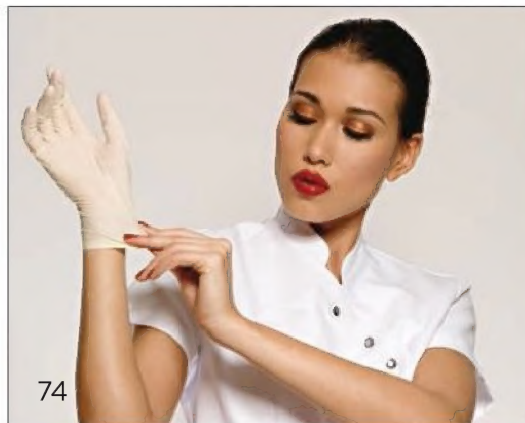
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EDITOR'S NOTE



Pet of the Month Bailey Rayne (top right); the new Libido Libations from Penthouse Spirits, a duo of cherry vodkas flavored with natural "aphrodisiac" herbs (top); December 2010 Pet of the Month Sabrina Maree (above)

SEXUAL HEALTH

We all know the best reason for staying in shape is to improve your life with great sex. Maybe you're working out so you can look good and attract ladies, or to improve your stamina in the sack—whatever the reason, better overall health leads to better sex. In Health & Fitness, we offer up five simple things you can do to boost your testosterone and make yourself healthier and happier (page 17), while our Tech page features gadgets that will help you on your journey (page 26).

TAKING ONE FOR THE TEAM

As important as the prostate is to sexual health, it can also be the source of tremendous pleasure. **Grant Stoddard** explored the "sacred-spot prostate massage" and tells all in "Going Digital" (page 74). And if that leaves you intrigued by the idea of delving into prostate massage, be it on your own or with a trusted partner, check out the accompanying piece on prostate toys.

SAFE SEX

Of course, condoms play a big part in maintaining sexual health. We found three companies that are equally concerned with saving the planet, one condom at a time—as well as a product that can help women get off quickly and consistently that's finally making its way to these shores (page 40).... The handjob—widely considered a prelude to sex that's best left behind with your virginity—is actually a safer-sex option that, when done right, can be incredibly satisfying. **Arnie Rabb** got a **Nina Hartley** handjob that left him both satiated and stunned to be so, and shares his experience in "The Sex Fairy" (page 110).

THE SAFEST SEX

Yes, we're going to extol the virtues of masturbation. In Sex Ed., **Martin Downs, MPH**, discusses the dangers of porn overload that can result from easy online availability to, well, everything. His suggestion, not surprisingly, is to take a break from the internet and enjoy your magazine (page 112).... **Don Jolly** also reflects on the joys of print pornography, and his younger days of exploring vintage magazines, and explains why so many millennials find themselves overwhelmed by the multitude of online options (page 42).... Sitting home playing *Second Life* can be another way to indulge in the safest sex of all. The game lets you explore sex with a fairy or a vampire, in a group, or both, and to wield whatever kind of penis you can come up with. Our guide to those options, **Matt Posky**, details his search for a decent dick (page 52).



LIBIDO BOOSTERS

Marvin Gaye had it right: Sometimes we all need some sexual healing. Should you find yourself in need of a libido pickup, we've got you covered. Our Pour House column will fill you in on oyster stouts, the perfect accompaniment to that old standby aphrodisiac, oysters (page 28).... Sadly, distilled spirits don't offer the same boost—or, more accurately, they didn't. Now there's Penthouse Spirits Libido Libations, cherry-flavored vodkas that are imbued with natural, effective herbs that will lift your spirits, so to speak. The specially crafted mixtures are designed for men and women, and we've included an exclusive recipe for each (page 106).

Odds are, though, the women on these pages are all the libido booster you'll need. Start with Pet of the Month **Bailey Rayne**, our gorgeous cover model, who delivers a sexy slice of life in her photo set from photographer **Tammy Sands** (page 56).... Our retro pictorial depicts a smoking-hot therapy-session threesome of **Tippy, David, and Lynn**, shot by **Earl Miller** (page 114). We've also got the sultry **Dakota** indulging her oral fixation for photog **Davide Esposito** (page 30), "hot teen" queen **Caprice** baring all for **Emmanuel Fouquet** (page 96), and the dynamic duo of **Staci and Catie** getting it on outdoors for **W. Lawrence Stevens** (page 80). Then we catch up with December 2010 Pet **Sabrina Maree** in Pet Confidential (page 92) and look back at burlesque star **Lili St. Cyr** in Parting Shot (page 134). Enjoy! 



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STILL BANGING AFTER THE PARTY



In case you missed my Forum letter in the October 2015 issue, I'll give you a quick recap: My husband, Rod, and I were at a birthday party for one of my friends, and I ended up screwing an old lover, Mark, in the bathroom. And before you get the wrong idea, it wasn't like I cheated on my husband. First, we have an open marriage. Second, he knows about every man and woman I've ever had sex with. And third, he loves to hear all the dirty details concerning my exploits.

At the party, I told Rod how Mark and I had just hooked up and he suggested we head home—with Mark, if he was willing.

So, while my husband drove, Mark and I sat in the backseat kissing and fondling each other, and getting hotter by the minute. Occasionally, I'd look up to see Rod checking us out in the rearview mirror, and that turned me on even more. Fortunately, the drive from the party to our house was a short one.

Inside the house, my husband grabbed a six-pack from the fridge and we all went into the bedroom. Mark wasted no time pushing me back onto the bed. Then, he pushed my skirt up, spread my legs, and began licking my pussy.

"Show your husband how you come," he said, as he licked and sucked and massaged my inner thighs. His tongue felt so good against my clit.

"You like it, don't you?" he asked, as I moaned and begged for more. He sucked and pressed his lips so hard against me that I could feel the short bristles from his chin against my skin. I was overwhelmed by lust, with my husband watching my lover drive me to new heights of arousal.

Mark kept telling me to come,

**I was overwhelmed by
lust, with my husband
watching my lover drive
me to new heights
of arousal.**

pushing me higher and higher. I grabbed his hair and pulled him even closer, as I shuddered with an intense orgasm. Before I could recover, Mark raised my ankles and entered me with one swift stroke.

"God, that was good," he said, after several minutes of deep, hard thrusting got him off. "Maybe your husband is jealous of your screams and wants to join us?"

Rod, who'd been silently watching us, stripped off his clothes and climbed onto the bed. Mark told me to get him hard again while my husband fucked me. As I stroked and licked his cock, Rod entered me from behind, commenting on how wet and hot my pussy was, which was only natural as he was getting Mark's sloppy seconds. It took only a few strokes before my husband added his jizz to the mix.

Mark's cock was good and hard by then, and I easily slid down on it. Bending down and kissing him while moving my loins had him moaning as Rod played with my breasts. Kissing Mark and rotating my hips was causing him to thrust upward, so I teased him by rising off him and pushing back down. Time slipped away as I rose and fell on his upward thrusts, as he braced himself against my hips. Several more pumps by both of us and I was screaming as I came, wiggling solidly down on him and collapsing on his chest.

Thoroughly spent and satisfied, I fell soundly asleep. Afterward, my husband told me that he and Mark had finished off the beer. In the morning, the smell of freshly brewed coffee was enough to rouse both Mark and me. We had one of those early-morning sleepy fucks, before he left and wandered into the kitchen. Rod poured him a cup, then drove Mark back to his car.

I was still lounging in bed when my husband came back. He brought me a cup of coffee and we cuddled in bed while I gave him all the dirty details of my bathroom hookup with Mark. He still loves hearing about my exploits, but now I think he enjoys watching them even more. —H.L., Texas

More letters on page 122

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Associate Publisher: RICH MCENTEE
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FULL FRONTAL



It's hard to believe there was a time when James Bond fans threatened to boycott the franchise over Daniel Craig's casting. A decade later, he's pretty widely regarded as the best Bond since Sean Connery, and the latest installment, *Spectre*—with *Skyfall* director Sam Mendes back at the helm and the luscious Léa Seydoux (above) on hand—should only cement that reputation.

Spectre kicks off with a helicopter chase through a colorful Day of the Dead parade, and the cinematography only gets more jaw-dropping from there. After receiving a cryptic message from the past, Bond takes on the terrorist organization known as SPECTRE and sets out on a worldwide mission to unravel a conspiracy. (You know, the usual Bond stuff.) Note: The insanely sexy Monica Bellucci will be the oldest Bond girl in history, beating out Pussy Galore herself, then-39-year-old Honor Blackman, by more than a decade. • By Kara Wahlgren



QUICK PICKS

FLICKS



Crimson Peak

When Stephen King describes your movie as “fucking terrifying,” you know you’ve made a first-rate horror film. Cowriter and director Guillermo del Toro is a master of the genre, and he’s said this epic ghost story—with its stunning set design and big-budget production—is his antidote to the grainy found-footage trend of recent years. Mia Wasikowska stars as a Gothic novelist who falls for an English lord, played by Tom Hiddleston, and moves into his countryside estate—which, needless to say, is teeming with dark secrets and all sorts of scary shit. This is likely to be the best horror film you’ve seen all year.



The 33

Five years ago, more than a billion viewers worldwide watched as 33 Chilean miners were rescued after being trapped underground for more than two months. Antonio Banderas stars in this survival drama as Mario “Super Mario” Sepúlveda, a miner who recorded daily video logs to keep the public updated (and captivated).

Rock the Kasbah

In this indie comedy, Bill Murray stars as a washed-up rock manager who books his last remaining client (Zoëy Deschanel) for a USO show in Afghanistan. To say she’s not thrilled would be an understatement—she steals his money and passport and disappears. Broke and stranded, the manager agrees to coach a talented local teen who’s headed to Kabul for a televised singing competition. Despite the war-torn landscape and occasional mortal peril, it’s a heartwarming film about fate, with the quirky humor Murray delivers so well.

Also this month...



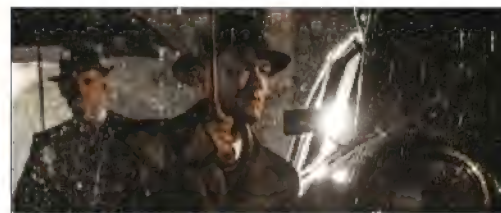
Beasts of No Nation

Netflix is already garnering Oscar buzz for this gritty African war drama, which stars Idris Elba as a brutal warlord who trains a child soldier for battle. Four major theater chains have boycotted it due to their beef with Netflix, so catch it at independent venues or stream it at home.



Spotlight

Mark Ruffalo, Rachel McAdams, Michael Keaton, and Stanley Tucci are among the star-studded cast in this heavy-as-hell movie about *The Boston Globe*’s 2002 investigation of the Massachusetts sex-abuse scandal in the Catholic Church.



Bridge of Spies

This real-life spy thriller is cowritten by the Coen brothers, directed by Steven Spielberg, and stars Tom Hanks as an insurance lawyer sent to East Berlin in the middle of the Cold War to negotiate the release of an American spy pilot. We nearly chewed our nails to the quick watching the three-minute trailer, so we expect to endure a couple of hours of heart-pounding suspense.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THE 33) DOUGLAS KIRKLAND, (SPOTLIGHT) SPLASH NEWS/CORBIS, (ELLE EVANS) JAMIE TRUEBLOOD, (MASTER OF NONE) K. C. BAILEY/NETFLIX, (JUSTIFIED) SON PICTURES HOME ENTERTAINMENT



Master of None

So far this year, Aziz Ansari has wrapped a successful run on *Parks and Recreation*, written a best-selling book, and toured the country doing stand-up. Apparently that wasn't enough, because this fall he'll debut a new comedy series on Netflix, loosely based on his own life. Ansari stars as a 30-year-old actor trying to carve out his own path in New York City—and his parents are played by *his actual parents*. Ansari says the show will be “deeply personal”—and, we're willing to bet, freaking hilarious.



Supergirl

As much as we've enjoyed *Smallville*, *Arrow*, *Gotham*, and *Flash*, it's about time a female superhero got some love from the networks. Melissa Benoist stars as Kara Zor-El—cousin of Superman and fellow Kryptonian. She's living a relatively normal life in earthly foster care until a disaster forces her to embrace her powers. In a nice nod for comic fans, one-time silver-screen Supergirl Helen Slater and former small-screen Superman Dean Cain (*Lois & Clark*) play Kara's foster parents. Let's hope this television twist on Supergirl's origin story has staying power.



Justified: The Complete Series

Timothy Olyphant stars in this FX drama about a U.S. marshal who gets reassigned to his Appalachian hometown after his Old West mentality proves a little too intense for modern-day Miami. The show gave us six seasons of gun-slinging fun—and given the body count, you'd think Kentucky was the most dangerous place in America. The Blu-ray collection has more than 24 hours of special features, including a gag reel, a writers' room tour, and a brand-new behind-the-scenes featurette—and a flask.



Mad Men: The Complete Collection

This set brings us all seven seasons of Don Draper and crew on Blu-ray—along with four hours of bonus material, cast interviews, two lowball tumblers, and a set of cork coasters so you can have your own mid-last-century moment.

Scouts Guide to the Zombie Apocalypse

In this campy comedy, a team of Boy Scouts puts the “be prepared” motto to the ultimate test when forced to save the town from a zombie outbreak.

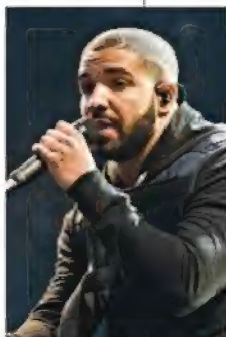
Zombie stripper: “Blurred Lines” model Elle Evans is surprisingly enticing eye candy.

SOUNDS

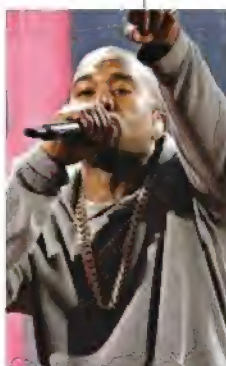
Impatiently Waiting...

These artists were all rumored to be dropping new albums in 2015—which, we can't help but notice, is almost over. Place your bets: Will we hear their new material before the new year?

Drake. The Canadian rapper announced last year that he was working on an album titled *Views From the 6*. Instead, he dropped a mix tape in February—but we're still waiting on the album, which he said would be released through Apple's new-ish streaming service.



Kanye West. Yeezy has been talking up his new album, tentatively titled *SWISH*, for more than a year now. It's already spawned a handful of singles—"Only One," "FourFiveSeconds," "Wolves," and "All Day"—so we assume he just likes making everyone wait and speculate.



Def Leppard. Last year the rockers postponed a residency in Las Vegas to work on a studio album, which was expected to come out in early 2015. They toured with KISS in 2014, hit up Europe earlier this year, and were back in the States with Styx and Tesla this summer—but the album is still nowhere to be seen.



Ice Cube. Maybe we're the suckers here—we've been waiting on *Everything's Corrupt* since it was announced back in 2012. He's dropped a few singles, but the full album keeps getting pushed back—most recently, so he could focus on producing the *Straight Outta Compton* biopic.

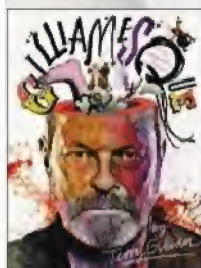


READS



Gilliamesque: A Pre-Posthumous Memoir

Legendary film director—and member of the fabulous Monty Python sketch-comedy troupe—Terry Gilliam (*12 Monkeys*, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, *Brazil*, *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*) has filled his autobiography with never-before-seen drawings and artwork, as well as a chronicling of his life. The kid from Minnesota moved with his family to Los Angeles when he was young. Always an artist, he set off to London in his twenties to get work, his portfolio of comics and art in tow. Then he hooked up with the cast of Monty Python. His initial job for the TV series was animating the surreal cartoons that ran between sketches, but he ended up the only American in the six-member group.



One juicy bit in the book is about how Robert De Niro was cast in *Brazil*, and Gilliam's frustration dealing with De Niro's obsessive over-preparation for the role and each scene. Overall, *Gilliamesque* is a loony roller-coaster ride into one man's twisted genius.—Tony DuShane

ELVIS COSTELLO UNFAITHFUL MUSIC

Unfaithful Music & Disappearing Ink

Elvis Costello has always been a relatively private person. Back in 2001, he actually wrote a collection of personal essays that were packaged with reissues of his albums—but those albums are out of print now, and unless you're a die-hard fan with some cash to spend on eBay, you probably haven't seen them. This fall, Costello is opening up about his long career, his family life, and the stories behind his songs in a long-awaited autobiography. If you've ever wondered what makes the semi-reclusive songwriter tick, this unconventional memoir will give you 352 pages worth of answers.



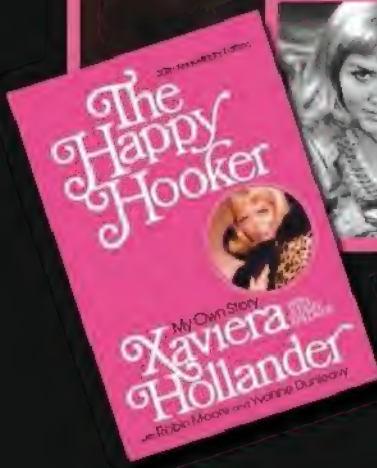
Bang Bang: My Life in Ink

Keith McCurdy has literally had his hands on some of the hottest celebs in Hollywood. He's tattooed everyone from Rihanna to Katy Perry to Selena Gomez. In this collection of stories and photos, he shares his journey from doing tattoos in his mom's kitchen to inking celebs in his sleek Manhattan studio. Bonus: He's not an elitist douche bag, so you'll actually enjoy hearing stories about, say, tattooing the Bieb at 40,000 feet. Not that we wouldn't like to put the hurt on Justin Bieber. **B+**



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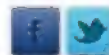
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SO YOU WANNA BE A **SEX MACHINE**

Five natural ways to supercharge your sex drive. • By Joe Vennare

WARNING

OUR LAWYERS MADE US SAY THIS

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for medical advice, diagnosis, or treatment

Thinking back on it now, it's hard for you to pinpoint exactly when it all began. Still, you can't deny the current state of affairs. You're tired and timid. Unmotivated. Irritable. Overworked and undersexed. If the other warning signs don't give you pause, that last one should make the sirens wail. No sex is no fun. It's just that, these days, you don't think about sex, ever. So the fact that you're not getting any isn't a problem. You shrug it off and go about your business.

Is this a joke?

Hold on! Are you kidding? Two things: First, not getting any is not okay. Second, and more important, the real issue here is that you don't give a fuck about not fucking.

Come on, be honest. Deep down, you know that's no way to live, right? Of course you do. Trouble is, you don't know what the hell is going on. *Whew*, we did it. We've admitted there's a problem. Now we can start working to solve it.

Here's the deal: Your testosterone has just about dried up. Your balls have crawled up into your body. And, unless you take action right now, your man card is going to be revoked. You have two options: Give up or fight back. Option two it is.

Supercharge Your Sex Drive

Testosterone declines with age. Yes, it's shitty. But it's science. Speaking of science, studies have shown that, across the population, guys today have about 20 percent less testosterone than men the same age did just two decades ago. Interesting, don't you think? It seems as though low T isn't a *you* problem, rather it's a *guy* problem—one that you can't totally avoid. But it's something you can combat, especially if you follow these tips for supercharging your sex drive.

Exercise

Working out is good for you. In fact, there are so many health benefits associated with exercise that it would take hundreds of pages to list them all. So I'll focus on the two most significant outcomes. Exercise increases longevity. Put simply, it can add years to your life. And I think we can all agree that being alive is pretty great. Now for benefit number two: Men who exercise more have better erectile and sexual function. If a harder hard-on and better sex aren't motivation enough, you're a lost cause.



Eat Real Food

Processed, sugar-laden foods and soft drinks are making you fat. As if that's not bad enough, they're also lowering your sex drive. Therefore, the best thing you can do is replace fake foods that come from a box or bag with real foods that come from the earth or live on it. If you do, it's possible to reduce or eliminate inflammation caused by injuries and infections, which can lead to heart ailments, vascular dementia, and other diseases. Eating healthfully can also reboot hormone levels.



Limit Alcohol Consumption

Notice, that doesn't mean stop drinking altogether. The fact is that moderate drinkers live longer than nondrinkers. Aiming for three alcoholic drinks each week is way better than three a night, every night. And in case you're wondering, the risk reward is substantial. Overindulging in alcohol lowers testosterone production, leading to erectile dysfunction and a lowered sex drive. Booze wisely.




Go to Sleep

One of the main culprits responsible for siphoning off your sex drive is lack of sleep. The body produces growth hormone during deep sleep. If you don't sleep, you're not making enough hormones to support well-being in general, let alone your sex drive. Seven to eight hours is ideal for a solid night's sleep. Which might sound like a lot, especially if you're superbusy. If that's the case, you can just go on not sleeping because you're probably too busy for sex anyway.



Have More Sex

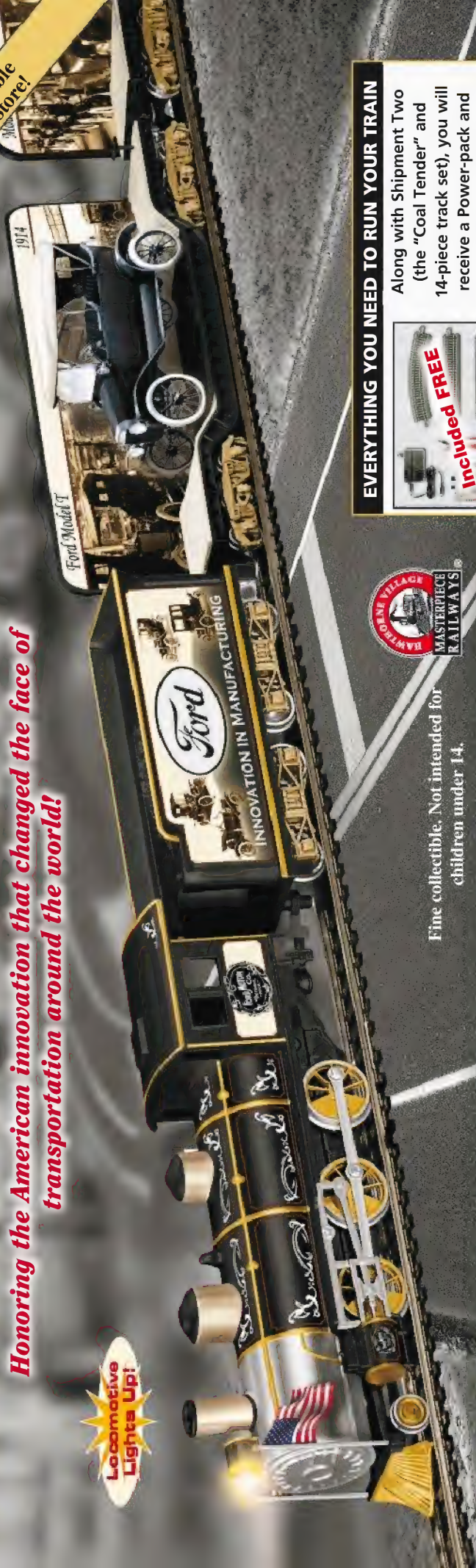
Sounds terrible, huh? Yeah, rough life, I know. But it's true—more sex is good for you. Regular sex keeps the body and brain functioning at optimal levels. Sex gets your heart going and releases all sorts of feel-good chemicals from the brain. Sex also has the power to reduce stress. So now you can use your health as justification for upping the orgasm quota, including the ones you give and receive. You're doing it out of concern for everyone's well-being and for no other reason whatsoever. 

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The Bastard Hybrids of the 1960s

These twentieth-century “hybrids” paired stylish European design with American muscle-car power.

By Jonathan Ward



ISO Grifo A3/C



Grifo dashboard



Grifo fuel fill



Back in the 1950s, car culture on both sides of the pond began to take note of each other more than ever before. While the European market generally found the American designs to be a bit garish and bloated, they were envious of the increasingly popular and powerful American V-8 engines. On the other hand, the American market was equally enamored of the small and voluptuous European sports-

car designs coming out of Britain, Germany, and Italy. During this time, the European automakers were heralded as masters of subtlety, with flowing curves, restrained trim, lighter weight, and greater efficiency. Many Americans took note, and a few wise businessmen started to import cars from Jaguar, Porsche, MG, Austin-Healey, and other brands. Some went broke, while many built empires with their early response to market demands and emerging tastes.



Bizzarrini A3/C Corsa

There is a well-known story of two Ford executives, Louis D. Crusoe and George Walker, who were at the Grand Palais Auto Show in Paris in 1951. Crusoe was the VP of Ford, and he was frustrated by the automotive design the Europeans were showing off. In response to a particularly beautiful car (rumor says it was a Jaguar), he said to his new young lead designer, Walker, "Why can't we have something like that?"

Walker did not miss a beat and answered, "We have a job just like that in the works right now." This was nowhere near the truth, but Walker ran off to a phone as soon as he could get away, and gave the design staff back in Detroit clear and simple directives to get busy. Shortly after, the Ford Thunderbird was born.

Meanwhile, innovators such as Carol Shelby were thinking similarly, albeit with fewer resources. Shelby made a deal with the small British maker AC to import the AC Ace. He stuffed a big V-8 into it, and created the Shelby Cobra. The race was on! Chevrolet was developing the Corvette, while Briggs Cunningham was privateer racing and promoting his own new sports-car brand, with Italian bodies by Vignali and big old Chrysler Hemi motors.

However, while all of this action stateside was interesting, one could argue that the companies that best understood the ideal combinations were based in Europe. Specifically, such companies as Facel Vega, ISO, Bizzarrini, and Monteverdi created some true masterpieces. Many of these cars have languished in obscurity, and only in recent years have started to command the respect (and high prices) they deserve. For the most part, these "hybrids" of European style and American muscle flourished in the late fifties and into the mid-sixties before disappearing, primarily due to the birth of Department of Transportation safety standards that made the tough business of low-volume cars even less viable.

While in Monterey, California, this year for Car Week (an absurd weeklong

schedule of some of the best car events in North America), I stumbled upon two fine ISOs at the Quail Motorsports Gathering. The Quail is one of my favorite shows, with a wildly diverse field of cars and ticket prices that are high enough to trim the crowd a bit. To me, the cars shown here are fine examples of the bastard hybrids: a 1963 ISO Grifo A3/C Continuation and a 1964 Bizzarrini A3/C Corsa.

ISO was founded by Renzo Rivolta in 1942, who initially focused on building small, inexpensive motorcycles. He bought a set of plans for a motorcycle from a traveling salesman (not uncommon at that time), and was days away from launching the bike when he took his wife out to the country for a long ride on one ... and it broke down. It both ruined their day and pissed him off. As Rivolta was

his sports cars of the 1960s and 1970s. They were designed to be luxurious touring cars for the street, and Rivolta set out to do the improbable: combine the mechanical prowess demonstrated by the former chief engineer of Ferrari, Giotto Bizzarrini, with the iconic body designs that made cars from Gruppo Bertone so popular.

Rivolta powered that ISO with a Chevrolet V-8 (eventually switching to Ford engines). And because Rivolta also understood the marketing value of "race on Sunday, sell on Monday," he created his beasts to compete at Le Mans and other high-profile events.

The blue car is so rowdy and unrestrained that it's easy to imagine the stir it created back in the day. The white car is a "continuation" model, actually produced in 1974 by Roberto Negri, who bought the remaining assets of the defunct ISO brand, and still builds a few of these rarified masterpieces to this day. Those cars are constructed exactly as the original cars were, both in content and craftsmanship.

With the big V-8 engine set far back in the body, these cars had an almost perfect 50/50 weight dis-

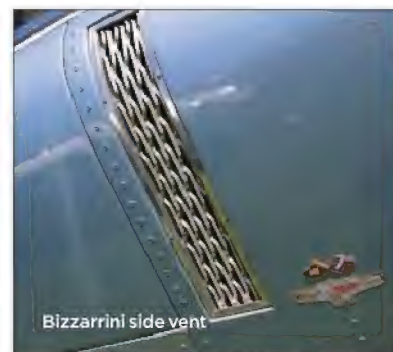
Such companies as Facel Vega, ISO, Bizzarrini, and Monteverdi created some true masterpieces, which are finally getting the respect (and high prices) they deserve.



Bizzarrini interior


quite the perfectionist, he impulsively ordered all his prototypes brought to the place where he was building the company's new headquarters—and ordered them to be pushed into the construction pit. These prototypes literally became part of the foundation for his new building.

Eventually, ISO successfully designed an odd little city car called the Isetta. Rivolta licensed this car to BMW, which helped finance his more radical mechanical visions,



Bizzarrini side vent

tribution, and wonderful handling characteristics. Thousands of rivets were used to construct the brutal yet elegant design. The monsters appear to be moving at high speed, even when parked.

I remember that, not so long ago, you would see some of these Euro-American hybrids for sale for \$20,000 to \$40,000. Nowadays, they sell for \$500,000 to \$1,000,000—if you can pry one out of the owner's hands. 

James Bond's Top 5 Rides

With the 24th Bond film, *Spectre*, out in movie theaters this month, we take a trip—no, a car chase—down memory lane in honor of the multibillion-dollar series.

By Will Levith

Billionaire real-estate mogul Michael Dezer owns nearly 50 of James Bond's most iconic film vehicles. It's fitting that Dezer (pronounced *Deh-zur*) keeps the majority of his collection in Miami at his state-of-the-art Auto Museum. Bond fans will recognize South Beach as the picturesque opening backdrop to 1964's *Goldfinger* (which gifted us with the character named Pussy Galore).

Miami also makes cameos in the 1965 underwater thriller *Thunderball* and 2006's series reboot, *Casino Royale*. Although Miami is its home base, Dezer's ever-expanding collection of more than 1,000 vehicles (the Bond stuff included) is also on display in Las Vegas; another location is opening soon in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

As Miami Auto Museum curator Myles Kornblatt notes, "Michael Dezer is a collector of collections," meaning he buys in bulk and will search far and wide for the right ride. For example, he shipped a Keswick, England, collector's hoard of Bond vehicles across the Atlantic. And if you're wondering about authenticity, Kornblatt points out, "There's a very short chain of ownership, [because the pieces] go from the studio to a few sets of people who actually have the desire to have [them]."

In honor of *Spectre*, we asked the Miami Auto Museum to put together a "Top 5 Bond Vehicles" list from its vast collection. As an added bonus, we asked Darren Julien, president and CEO of Julien's Auctions in Beverly Hills, California, for value estimates for each of these pieces.



From Russia With Love's
Fairway Huntress



The Aston Martin DB5 that was
driven by George Lazenby



GoldenEye's T-55 tank

1. Fairey Huntress Speedboat

This 52-year-old speedboat was helmed by Sean Connery's Bond in the 1963 film *From Russia With Love*, which finds the spy battling SPECTRE (Special Executive for Counter-Intelligence, Terrorism, Revenge, and Extortion), the titular organization from the brand-new film. According to the U.K.-based Fairey Owners Club, five Huntresses were used in the film, but Bond's had a few explosive modifications: a V-8 Interceptor engine and four extra gas drums in the boot—that Bond detonates with a flare gun to ward off his attackers. Despite there being a Bond film that precedes *From Russia With Love*—1962's *Dr. No*—Kornblatt explains that because no vehicles from that movie have survived the test of time, Dezer owns the "oldest surviving vehicle that James Bond drove on film."

Estimated Value: \$200,000 to \$400,000

2. Aston Martin DB5 Gadget Spy Car

The single most iconic and sought-after Bond vehicle, the Aston Martin DB5, first appeared in 1964's *Goldfinger*, the only Sean Connery-era Bond film in which the spy didn't face off with SPECTRE. But that doesn't make this British roadster any less enemy-resistant: Among other modifications, it's tricked out with front-wing machine guns and an ejector seat. Alas, Dezer's '64 DB5 is *not* the *Goldfinger* original, but was driven by one-time Bond portrayer George Lazenby in the 1983 film *The Return of the Man from U.N.C.L.E.: The Fifteen Years Later Affair*. Close, but not quite good enough.

Not all's lost, though: Dezer also owns the unmodified DB5 driven by Pierce Brosnan's Bond in *GoldenEye* (1995). Says appraiser Darren Julien, "[If it's] a James Bond car that was actually screen-used, you've got two markets [at play]: James Bond's highly collectible; and the car market, which has really taken off." In other words, it's a veritable gold mine twice over.

Estimated Values: \$800,000 to \$1,000,000 for the base car, according to RM Sotheby's, using 2014-15 sales of 1964 Aston Martin DB5s. Julien would add \$10,000 to \$20,000 for the Lazenby connection; \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 for the *GoldenEye* version.



3. T-55 Soviet Tank

Speaking of *GoldenEye*, after a series of limp-dicked Bond movies in the 1980s starring pussy galore himself, Timothy Dalton, Pierce Brosnan rang in the new decade with a much ballsier J.B. And despite his Aston Martin heroics, Dezer has an even bigger crush, shall we say, on another vehicle Brosnan pilots in the film. That would be the T-55 Soviet tank that Bond expertly directs, first through a concrete wall and then through the streets of Moscow, all with that classic Bond smirk on his face. "We took a car we didn't necessarily need in our collection and used the tank to crush it, and that's how it's displayed," says Kornblatt. Smashing.

Estimated Value: \$100,000 to \$200,000

4. Lotus Esprit S1 and Submarine Versions

The Spy Who Loved Me featured Roger Moore as Bond in 1977. In one scene, Q gives him the keys to a white Lotus Esprit S1, the exact car in Dezer's collection, and Bond speeds around in it. But multiple Esprits were used during filming because at one point, the car transforms into a submarine. To create this effect, a few cars were used for the "transitional" scenes (like showing the wheels tucking into the body; Dezer owns one of those, too), and, of course, there's the submarine-car itself. The latter

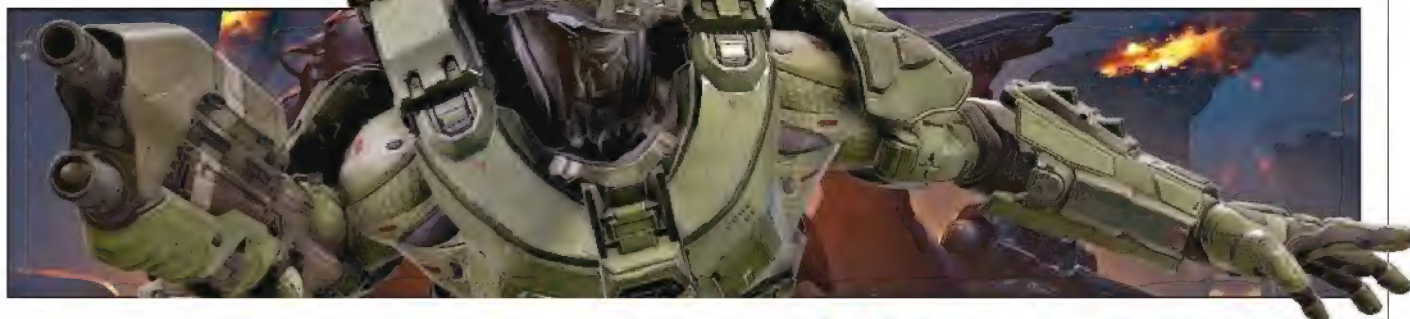
sold at auction in 2013 for \$967,120, and although Dezer was a bidder, he didn't win. He had his reasons; he actually owns its fiberglass mold. "So, technically, we could make one if we really wanted to," boasts Kornblatt. Regarding his boss's failure to acquire the submarine-car, Kornblatt quips, "They have the one that *dove*, but we still have the one that *drove*."

Estimated Values: Lotus Esprit driven in film: \$100,000 to \$300,000; "transitional" Esprit: \$50,000 to \$100,000; Lotus submarine-car mold: \$10,000 to \$20,000

5. Land Rover Defender 110

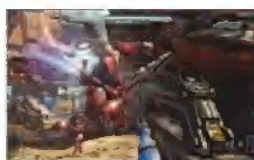
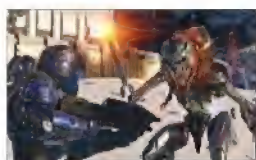
Although "Land Rover" normally evokes "one-percenter shuttle," the boxy auto has sported some serious Bond-related chops in the recent past. In 2012's *Skyfall*, Eve Moneypenny (Naomie Harris) escorts Bond (Daniel Craig) through Istanbul's crowded streets in a Defender 110 during a chase sequence—with Bond briefly manhandling the wheel to smash it into another car. Dezer owns three versions of the vehicle, all used for the single scene, explains Kornblatt. Fun fact: The stunt driving was done by Ben Collins of the BBC series *Top Gear*, who was mounted *on top* of one of the Rovers.

Estimated Values: \$50,000 to \$80,000 (driven by Moneypenny/Bond); \$40,000 to \$60,000 (other versions) 



GAME OF THE MONTH

By Crispin Boyer



■ *Halo 5: Guardians*

Microsoft (Xbox One)

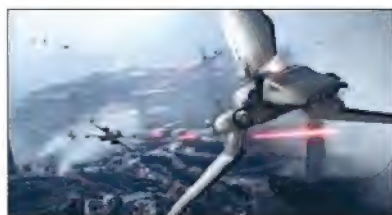
Master Chief, the mirror-visored hero of the *Halo* series, isn't the central character in *Halo 5: Guardians*. Now he's a team player, leading a trio of cybernetic comrades in a new direction for Microsoft's flagship first-person shooter: squad-based cooperative play. That's not to say *Halo 5* is a tactical shooter like, say, the *Rainbow Six* games. The action here still favors spray-and-pray firefights instead of pop-from-cover gunplay, but now you can issue simple orders to your squad (or just let the artificial intelligence do its thing). Even better: Online pals can drop into your game seamlessly at any time and assume command of your teammates.

This sequel hearkens back to *Halo 2* by letting you experience the campaign through the eyes of two characters. One is Master Chief, naturally, who begins the game MIA with his Blue Team of

Spartans. The other character is Spartan Locke, an armored man hunter introduced in *Halo*'s expanded world of TV shows, books, and comics; Locke is from the TV show. Along with his Fireteam Osiris, Locke is tasked with tracking Master Chief across the galaxy while unraveling a mystery behind a new breed of enemies threatening humanity.

As with all *Halo* games, competitive combat is the real draw. *Guardians* introduces a massive new multiplayer mode called Warzone. Up to 24 players wage war on maps that are four times larger than the arenas of previous games. A wealth of customization options lets you set up multiple objectives and introduce AI players into the mix. Players pining for more intimate killing sprees can stick with the Arena mode, which focuses on four-versus-four battles and classic arenas from *Halo*'s days of yore.

Shooting Gallery Three *Halo* alternatives



■ *Star Wars: Battlefront*

Electronic Arts (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

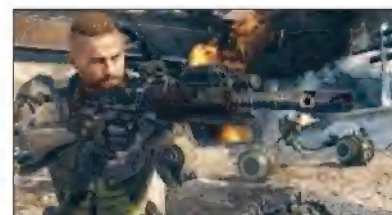
Fight on the ground, in the air, or in deep space for either the Rebellion or the Empire in the most famous battles from the *Star Wars* movies.



■ *Tom Clancy's Rainbow Six Siege*


Ubisoft (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

Breaching doors is so PlayStation 2. In this tactical shooter, you can order your squad to smash walls and cut through roofs to rescue hostages and defeat evildoers.



■ *Call of Duty: Black Ops III*

Activision (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, PC)

This zany offshoot of the gung-ho *Call of Duty* series is set in a dystopian future complete with cyborgs, zombies, and actor Jeff Goldblum in a starring role. 

SKETCHY TRUTHS

BY PELNYC



EXTRA LIFE

Improve your sexual health by giving your body a boost with power-ups. • By Crispin Boyer



■ Aware air sensor

BlueAir • \$199

If you've been in a funk, maybe you need a breath of fresh air. The Aware's sensor monitors the oxygen quality of your abode, tracking emissions from traffic and factories; chemicals from cleaning products and off-gassing building materials; and such environmental allergens as pollen, mold, and pet dander. The system sends all that raw data to you via a free iPhone or Android app, which alerts you when the air quality drops from dank to dangerous. Monitor the app's alerts to know when to open the window, take a breather in a nearby park, or switch on an air purifier.



■ A19 smartbulb

ilumi • \$60

Set a romantic mood across your entire bachelor pad with this Wi-Fi-ready LED smartlight, which fits into any standard bulb socket. Link it to your Apple or Android device and use the free app to select from light recipes designed for wellness, intruder detection, midnight bathroom breaks, vacation mode, and even something called "suggestive lighting." Outside the bedroom, you can pair more than 50 bulbs to extend your wireless range up to 150 feet, or pulse the lights to the beat of your music for an impromptu rave. Third-party apps integrate the lights with your gaming systems, Nest thermostat, and other connected gadgets. The slightly brighter BR30 model, ideal for recessed and track lighting, is \$10 more.



■ Mobile Training Intelligence System

Pear Sports • \$100

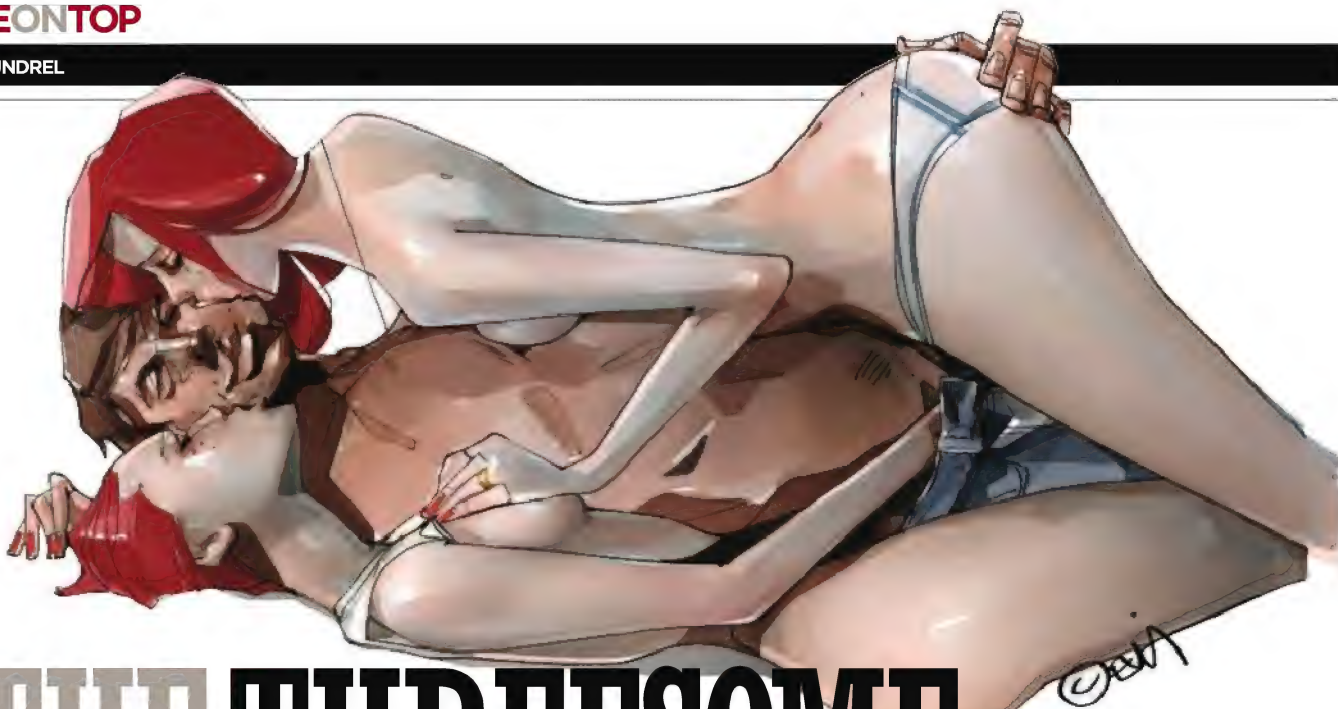
Your workout routine is not going to give you results if you wuss out. Pear's training system—a package that includes a Bluetooth heart-rate monitor, sweatproof earbuds, and workout apps for your iPhone or Android device—pushes you with pep talks inspired by real-life personal trainers. First, complete the app's fitness-assessment workout to set a baseline for your body, then choose from hundreds of training activities, including marathon prep and CrossFit. The app will sync your music to your workout and lower the volume when you need encouraging words ("Only a half mile left—push it!") from the virtual coach. You can track your stats to see improvements in speed and fitness level, and share the results over social media.



■ SoftBlue monitor

Philips • \$170

Headaches, tired eyes, and blurred vision are all symptoms of too many hours spent working, gaming, or cruising your ex's Instagram account on your computer monitor. But that online activity doesn't have to hinder the health of your eyes. Philips's 24-inch SoftBlue monitor filters out nearly all the high-energy wavelengths responsible for eyestrain and long-term damage to your retinas. The monitor reduces harmful blue light without sacrificing color fidelity or brightness. It's a similar concept to the light-filtering glasses that are popular with professional gamers and computer addicts, except you don't have to look silly to save your eyeballs.



THE THREESOME TREATMENT

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you what to do when you're lucky enough to find a woman willing to make your threesome dream come true.

I've been married for seven years, and, man, do I have the itch. I love my wife more than anything, but our sex life has gotten boring. For the first few years, we had wild twice-a-day sessions. Now I get pity sex twice a month, if I'm lucky. When I brought up our lackluster sex life, she surprised me by agreeing that we needed to reignite our spark. Then she suggested we have a threesome to make things interesting. Of course, I'm excited about the idea of two women at the same time, but it seems too good to be true. How can I make this actually happen? And what if she likes it too much?

Oh, hi there, Mr. Humblebrag. That wife of yours is an American hero. It usually takes dudes years of begging and many, many drinks to get this kind of thing going.

But that little problem-solving angel you're married to listened to your concern about wanting a healthy sex life, and offered the best solution of all.

I assume your sex life is a snooze because, at this point in your relationship, your wife sees you as a roommate she cares a lot about ... who annoys her every few nights by digging a hard-on into her back. Your goal should be to change that. You know what's really effective in changing her perception? Seeing you nail a sexy woman and watching that other woman get off on what you're doing to her. After that show, your wife will be as moist as a New Orleans summer day. Her competitive-female instincts will kick in hard, and she'll want you


to fuck *her* like you fucked the other chick. All the time. If you play your cards right, you'll get a piece of strange *and* go from chump to champ in your wife's eyes.

What's the best way to make a threesome happen? Just ask. Seriously. If your wife brought it up, she might have someone in mind already. If that's the case, all you (or, even better, *she*) has to do is put it out there. If it's a girlfriend of hers, you're golden. In my experience, a woman's friends are more offended by *not* being considered for a threesome.

Take care to maintain the delicate balance of attractiveness: Your girl should be the better-looking of the two, but not by much. If the other woman is too hot, your wife will feel insecure and question whether you're in this just to fuck other people instead of delivering a boost to your relationship. On the other hand, if your wife notices that she's much hotter

than the other woman, she'll deduce that you have bad taste and question what she's doing with you in the first place. Luckily, women always seem to have one friend who looks kind of like them, but not quite as good. That's the one you want. It'll play to your wife's narcissism and make her feel comfortable. Also—this might sound silly, but hear me out: You must color coordinate. If your wife is a blonde, then the threesome has to be with another blonde. If she's a brunette, you're going to be the meat in a brunette sandwich. Remember Betty and Veronica from the *Archie* comics? For this to go smoothly, they can't see each other as rivals.

During the event, pay equal attention to both women to keep things running smoothly. Give them space to fool around with each other instead of rushing them around the bases. Act like you've been there before, and don't come across as overeager.

If your wife ends up liking it too much, that means: (1) You're a lucky bastard who's going to be in the middle of a lot of orgies, or (2) she likes chicks better than she likes you. If that's true, there's nothing you can do about it. But you'll always have the memory of that hot threesome. 

SHELL GAME

To escalate any evening's romance level, seek out an aphrodisiacal oyster stout.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

It's easy to get stuck in an aphrodisiac rut. After all, chocolate is a sweet standby, champagne's sparkle is guaranteed to make a night pop, and chili peppers are perfect for turning up the heat. Why rock the love boat? Well, while a fistful of red roses and a cold bottle of rosé are nice lovey-dovey gestures, they're also clichés as threadbare as a cheap motel's bedsheets. Truth is, there's nothing sexier than the element of surprise. To escape the romantic status quo, try dredging up an oyster stout.

Cold, smooth, and slippery, oysters have long been sensuality served up on the half shell, and are classically coupled with champagne and crisp, light whites, such as a French Chablis or sauvignon blanc. That's a mighty delicious move, but I favor slurping mollusks alongside a dry stout such as Murphy's, O'Hara's, or Guinness.

The pairing is as counterintuitive as it is harmonious, with briny oysters perfectly balanced by the full-bodied ale's charred notes and luscious mouthfeel.

Historically, oysters were the pretzels of an earlier, more abundant era, a bar snack so ubiquitous that in the 1930s, Guinness started running ad campaigns touting the dark ale's affinity with oysters. (In particular, one advertisement noted that "Guinness brings the oysters out of their shells.") In the late 1920s, brewers in New Zealand and, in time, Britain began adding bivalves to the beer, creating oyster stouts. While the practice largely passed into history books by the second half of the twentieth century, flavor-questing craft brewers have revived the technique. They're incorporating whole shucked oysters and their shells into the brewing process, creating mesmerizing

ales that bridge the gap between the ocean and the bar stool.

Sip an oyster stout by itself, and you may be hard-pressed to locate its salty undertow. Unlocking the style's magic requires you to sip a stout, then tip back a bivalve. The creamy stout spotlights the sweetness of the oysters, which in turn brings the beer's brininess front and center.

Over the past several years, oyster stouts have gone from curiosity to ubiquity, with brewers using local oysters to provide the stouts with a sense of place. Northern California's HenHouse Brewing and 21st Amendment, for example, enlist nearby oyster farms, while Long Island's Blind Bat uses New York oysters and Delaware's 16 Mile Brewing Company seasons its oyster stouts with bivalves from Delaware Bay.

So what are you waiting for, Romeo? It's time to act shellfish.



Flying Fish Brewing Company's Exit 1 Bayshore Oyster Stout

Since the Colonial era, oysters have been harvested from the Delaware Bay, which abuts New Jersey's southwestern border. To honor the long-standing tradition, Jersey-based Flying Fish dumps 100 oysters per batch into this rich, creamy stout that has a lick of mineral complexity and, thanks to Irish ale yeast, a fruity touch.


Flying Dog Brewery's Pearl Necklace Oyster Stout

For your next romantic dinner, try ordering up a Pearl Necklace. The cheeky Maryland brewery's stout features locally harvested Rappahannock River oysters and, to accentuate the briny character, several pinches of sea salt. Proceeds benefit the Oyster Recovery Partnership, which restores the Chesapeake Bay's oyster population.

No-Li Brewhouse's Oyster Stout

Every 60 days the Spokane, Washington, brewery cooks up a fresh round of its Oyster Stout, a collaboration with Taylor Shellfish Farms. The chocolaty stout is socked with oats and milk sugar, which supply smoothness and a silky head, while oysters weave a briny thread throughout.

Upright Brewing Company's Oyster Stout

To make this bivalve-powered beauty, Portland, Oregon's Upright first brews a moderate-strength stout, with chocolate wheat upping the cocoa ante. The brewers then add oyster liquor—the briny juice—and whole oysters, before conditioning the beer on shells. The robust result is plenty roasty, rocking a dry, mineral-rich finish. 







GIVE ME SOME SUGAR

During a steamy afternoon alone, 22-year-old Dakota indulges in a sweet treat to satisfy her oral fixation, and fulfills a few other desires along the way. We're suckers for a girl who knows what she wants, especially when her sexy solo endeavors make for such delicious eye candy.

Photographs by Davide Esposito



After getting her licks in, Dakota finds an even sweeter way to pass the time by letting her fantasies run wild. Who ever said spending a lazy day on the couch was a waste of time?





Dakota knows how to turn up the heat in the kitchen, and whatever she's cooking is just begging to be eaten. A titillating tease with a blush brush brings new meaning to "makeup sex."





Get dressed for the day, or just stay in bed? A borrowed white button-down doesn't stay on for very long, as the temptations between the sheets prove too strong to resist.



The sun is still blazing as Dakota tastes the fruits of her hard work, and looks forward to a hot night ahead.





SEE MORE OF DAKOTA AT **PENTHOUSE.COM**.

SMART SEX

By Christine Colby

SAVING THE WORLD, ONE CONDOM AT A TIME

An issue dedicated to sexual health would be incomplete without a condom story. These companies are looking out for you and the world at large.

You can pick up any old jimmy hat at the corner store, but maybe it's time to put a little more thought into it. If you make responsible choices about the food you buy, the coffee you drink, and the car you drive, there are condoms to fit your lifestyle. And while the companies stress the uniqueness of their good works, we don't really care who came first. When it comes to living responsibly and sustainably, the more the merrier!



Sustain. These condoms are made from only all-natural, sustainably harvested, fair-trade latex from the world's only Forest Stewardship Council-certified rubber plantation, in southern India. The company pays its workers reasonable wages, eschews child labor, and even provides education and health care to the community.

The packaging is made from all recycled materials. In addition, Sustain donates ten percent of its profits to U.S. women's reproductive-health initiatives. Unlike most common condom companies, which use a milk protein called casein, Sustain uses no animal products and does not test on animals. Its formulation is also free of cancer-causing nitrosamines that can be found in many other condom brands. The company also sells organic lubricants to pair with its rubbers.



Glyde. This woman-owned Australian company claims to have been the first certified ethical, vegan, and fair-trade option, since before those terms were marketing buzzwords. The company points out that its rubber is grown by an owner-operated farm in close proximity to the manufacturing plant, which reduces the carbon footprint. All of the packaging is made from recycled materials and printed with soy and vegetable inks. Since 1991, Glyde has donated millions of condoms globally to public-health agencies and non-profit organizations, and even distributed free rubbers to sex workers. Instead of the dairy casein, Glyde uses thistle extract for smoothness, and also avoids risky chemicals such as parabens, glycerin, and benzocaine. The condoms come in three sizes, and the company also offers dental dams.



Sir Richard's. Even though it's only been around since 2009, Sir Richard's Condom Company has already donated more than three million prophylactics, giving one condom to an in-need community in a developing country for each one purchased. Initially working with clinics in Haiti and Malawi, in 2014 the company expanded the program to encompass causes nominated by consumers. Through those efforts, it's reached HIV and AIDS foundations and clinics in the United States as well.

Sir Richard's rubbers are free of harmful chemicals, PETA-approved, and vegan-certified, and the company claims to have created the first latex condom free of spermicide, parabens, glycerin, and dairy.

Air Head

Despite the sketchy name, the Womanizer is a true revolution for women's orgasms.



The first of its kind, the Womanizer offers clitoral stimulation using "PleasureAir technology"—air-pressure waves that simulate suction. It's touch-free and vibration-free, which means it won't overstimulate or desensitize her love button, leaving her able to experience multiple orgasms. In fact, in a study done in Germany by the Womanizer company, almost 75 percent of women achieved multiple orgasms with the toy, and more than 50 percent of women reached their climax in less than a minute; 80 percent in less than three minutes. Takes a little bit of pressure off you, doesn't it?

The Womanizer has five levels of intensity, although most women don't seem to need to go higher than two to achieve ecstasy. It's USB rechargeable, so it has no wires to tangle or batteries to change. It comes in nine different designs, with fun patterns such as leopard print and tattoos, and even blinged out with Swarovski crystals. (\$189; Amazon.com) **CH**



PAPER OR PLASTIC?

Millennials have never had to worry about getting access to porn, but for this fan, internet pornography is not liberating; it's a trap. Here's his love letter to the rarefied joys of print pornography.

By Don Jolly

This happened one night: I'm at the Sunshine Cinema on East Houston Street in Manhattan, seeing a movie with a friend. Coincidentally, the theater is holding the red-carpet premiere for this really crummy-looking cable comedy called *Younger*, which has been advertising all over the subway. The concept, I think, is that it's about women laughing and loving life and pretending to be "younger" than they really are. Solid premise, with a former ABC Family pod person in the lead.

Anyway, I'm hanging out in the lobby in my usual threads (army coat covered in militant right-wing buttons, sweatpants, torn-up brown T-shirt, Adidas), and one of the security guys from the event comes up to

me. He's pissed.

"I need to see your ID," he tells me. At first I'm unsure of his authority.

"Why?" I ask.

"You look like somebody we don't want to be here."

"Oh," I say. "Okay." Sounded reasonable.

I pull out my ID, and he studies it. "You're okay," he says eventually.

It's almost a compliment. *Yeah*, I think, *I'm okay*.

"Sorry to do that to ya, buddy," says the guard, a little embarrassed. "One of the actresses on this show has a stalker, and you look just like him."

He shows me a picture on his BlackBerry. The guy looks like a shaved gorilla: sloping forehead, chin-strap beard, and tiny, porcine eyes. He's easily the ugliest man I've ever seen.

The guard's still talking: "You could be brothers. It's uncanny."

We all have our crosses to bear. Mine is that I radiate enough pervert energy that a dude who gets paid just to wear a suit and spot perverts decided it was important to talk to me. This means I have "arrived," I think.

I gotta say, this has been a long time coming—a lot of sweat, a lot of tears, a lot of other bodily fluids. I never could have done it without my brother Max, and the years we spent collecting old pornographic magazines. I knew one of us would hit the big league someday, buddy. In a way, I'm glad it wasn't you.

In 2005, when I was 18 and Max was 19, I moved out of our hometown, Austin, Texas, and settled into an apartment in San Antonio, about two

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hours away. I was in college, technically, but spent most of my time punching holes in the wall of my neighbor's apartment—or, as we called it, attending “the college of hard knocks.”

Every Thursday night, after class let out, I'd take an old Pepsi bottle and fill it with half generic whiskey and half generic cola and drop the concoction in the cup holder of my Volvo 740 GLE. On the back roads, I could make it back to Austin by midnight, and, since I was multitasking, I'd arrive primed to get completely destroyed. I'm pretty sure this is the first “life hack,” so, you're welcome.

Max and I would spend the whole weekend together, hanging at the putrid flop with no air conditioner that he shared with an oil painter, a cartoonist, two traveler kids with a van, and, occasionally, the band Beirut, who would pop up like the Harlem Globetrotters did on *Scooby-Doo*. When we weren't eating or drunk, Max and I were driving to the various porn shops across Austin, hunting for good mags.

If you never bought porn in Austin, Texas, around 2005, man, you missed out. Our shops covered all the bases:

- AAA News & Video for your high-gloss 1970s three-packs.
- The Adult Video Megaplexxxx for sale VHS and bondage smut.
- The really weird shit? Try the aluminum trailer with no name and the red-neon “XXX” sign, but steer clear of the nudie booths—I heard a guy got stabbed in there.

There were a few junk shops with good piles of old *Penthouse* and *Playboy* mags. We searched them, too.

After Max and I made our rounds, we'd go back to his place and survey the haul. Usually if one of the other people living there came in, they'd act all aggrieved. “Are you guys just sitting around reading porn?” they'd ask, as if they'd been out filing their taxes or meeting with a stockbroker that afternoon.

“Yeah,” I'd say.

“Uh, we're cool?” Max would add, as if it was obvious.

Then we'd high-five.

There weren't a lot of women in our circle then.

Whatever, though. I don't regret the couple of solid years I spent buying and reading old porn with my brother. For one thing, the magazines were works of art.

Playboy and *Penthouse*—and even some early *Hustler*—were all pretty classy. There were actual articles, of course, and advertisements featuring ripped Dick Cavetts chilling on sailboats with open shirts, letting us know what razor to buy or which hi-fi was worth a damn. The models all looked cute but kind of weirdly girlish, although they usually had bush, which we both appreciated.

The deep cuts were *Gallery* and *Oui*—they were kind of the same thing, but the girls were a little better than in *Playboy*, and the photography had this weird, gold-hued, eternal-


sunset thing going on. There was one issue of *Gallery* from the mid-seventies that was, essentially, the “Mona Lisa” of my collection. Its centerfold was some girl named “Cathy” who worked at a jewelry store in Ontario, Canada. Cathy was so “liberated,” the copy told me, that she'd sleep with anybody who came into her store who was reasonably cool. At the time, I had a pretty strong conviction that I was reasonably cool, and so Cathy was the perfect magazine fantasy. She had everything: a travel angle (exotic Canada!), a kinda-sorta women's lib thing, and—best of all—the fantasy of having enough money lying around to credibly enter an upscale jewelry store in Ontario. Man, I knew I woulda walked into that jewelry store like a boss. Right hi-fi and everything, just pull it in on a hand truck.

Maybe that's not how *you* get off, but, man, cut me some slack. I was born in 1986, which means I hit adolescence at about the same time as the internet. My libido is a fucking nightmare. On one hand, I never had to worry about getting access to porn. When I was ten, I typed “Elvira, naked” into AltaVista and that was it, pretty much.

But all that access starts to drive you crazy after a while. At this point, internet porn makes me feel more trapped than liberated. Desire on the internet is fluid—it fills the outline of your tastes with such alarming specificity that it's hard not to feel surveilled. These days, I like videos of mean, demanding women screaming abuse at me—but with an undercurrent of sitcom-mom empathy. There are literally six sites that do that and only that, so I've got to assume there's a whole invisible community of masturbators out there, keeping the dream alive. Some dude in California is in my head deep enough to make a living off it.

At the porn shops, though, the community of masturbators was real. Dudes thumbing through the mag racks looking for *Buttman*, girls waiting in the checkout line with dildos. They were people—our people—even if we never made eye contact.

Look, I'll be the first to admit that I've made some mistakes along the way. But I'd rather be a conspicuous sleaze who's not afraid to admit that I like porn than the kind of person on the guest list at a mid-range cable-television premiere—so I guess, in the end, Max was right.

I'm cool? 



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* Chicago

Denver

Detroit

Kharkov

Moscow

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New York

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Philadelphia

Pittsburgh

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San Francisco

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* Coming Soon

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Dressing Up

TO TEAR IT DOWN

Labretta Suede is a wild force of nature—a sultry, deep-voiced belter, often found dancing on a bar in latex or lingerie when she's not fronting her rock band, Labretta Suede and the Motel 6.

Interview by Christine Colby • Photographs by Scott Church

Labretta Suede and her guitarist, right-hand man, and partner in all things, Johnny Moondog, are hanging out and drinking at the Double Down Saloon, a favorite dive in New York City's East Village. With TVs over the bar showing edgy porn, a signature drink called Ass Juice, and signs advertising "puke insurance" for \$20, the bar is not for the faint of heart. It's the perfect place to chat with them, and a fitting backdrop for a photo shoot.

Suede, who resembles a rock 'n' roll Bettie Page with a dose of (healthy) Amy Winehouse and (sexy) Sarah Silverman, and Moondog, who could pass for the Cramps's late Bryan Gregory if he were a surfer, arrived in New York City from New Zealand in 2009 when the city desperately needed an infusion of desperate rock 'n' roll. They spent six years in the Rotten Apple, helping to energize the trashy rock and garage scenes and bringing life to the bar scene with their deejay nights (when Suede would invariably end up shakin' it on the bar), reminding New Yorkers what nightlife should be like.

You started playing together in 2004 in Auckland. Do you consider yourself an Auckland band or a New York band?

Well, New York feels like home; home is where your heart is; you create your own family. New York has my heart and my family.

New York treated you well from the start.

Our first show in the city was at the East Village tiki bar Otto's Shrunken Head. There were only, like, seven people there, but one of them was [musician and producer] Matt Verta-Ray. Also Lenny Kaye of the Patti Smith Group; Buddy Bowser, sax player of the New York Dolls; and Scheebo Pampillonio of the Stilletos, which was Debbie Harry and Chris Stein's first band. So there weren't very many people there, but the people who were are very important members of rock 'n' roll, in our opinion.

But our drummer didn't show. So I asked the crowd if there was a drummer in the house, and Scheebo said, "Yeah, sure, I'll fill in." There were some moments of genius and moments that were like a beautiful car crash. I instantly felt like I was home. What a magnificent and bizarre situation.

Then our drummer finally turned up. He grabbed himself a beer and sat down to watch the band. *What?!* I was furious! What a douche! So I called him to the stage to play the last two songs of the set,

after Scheebo had really done quite an amazing job. He then proceeded to play the worst renditions of the two songs we had left to play and was a real ass about it all.... So, onstage and over the mike in front of everyone, I fired him! Was glad to see the back of him, to be honest.

Matt Verta-Ray still thought the show was great and asked us to record with him at his studio the next day. Basically it was, "Hello, Labretta Suede and the Motel 6, you are home!"

So you had this amazing first experience in New York.

Yeah, we were like, *This place is easy!* And then it got real. We were dealing with real drummers and booking a tour and living in New York City. And we spoke funny English, so everyone wanted to rip us off, or people thought by the way we looked we'd be stuck-up. But I thought we looked real New York, like what real New Yorkers should look like, you know? It was so weird to us—we'd be walking around Brooklyn and people would yell to us, "Yeah, you're bringing old-school Brooklyn back, yeah!"

I've noticed that no one knows quite how to describe your sound. I came up with "sex-abilly," but what else have people said?

"Sex garage" and "drag-abilly."

All accurate. But whatever you are, it's between the cracks.

Yeah, where the floor and the wall meet [*laughs*]. We've always been called "the Cramps From Down Under." I tried to shake it for a while, but then I thought, *You know, there are a lot worse things to be compared to—one of our favorite bands in the world.* But I really work hard at my songs, and we're not a cover band.

How did you decide that you'd perform in lingerie?

Oh, just the whole concept of dressing up to tear it down—

Okay, I'm making a note. I think you just wrote the title for this article.

[*Laughs*] When I first started out, I... was wearing dresses because we were playing daytime car shows initially, a lot of hot-rod, rockabilly events, and I couldn't stand it anymore. It was so twee and annoying, some of these people—it was like a fashion show. I was like, *What the fuck? Let's just do what we really want to do.*

You give it your all live, getting really physical, rolling around onstage, all in lingerie. There's so much raw energy and sexuality. I hate to say it, but in my experience, sometimes when you have a really attractive, scantily clad woman in a band— You've got not a very good band.

Right! I've seen a lot of bad bands. But you can actually sing and play, and write songs, and deliver a quality live show. It's not like what you're wearing is the show.

Yeah, that's right. I guess that's a difference between being a New Zealander and being an American. The sexualization of women is really different over here. Like, I feel like we've gone back to the fifties having moved here. Guys' opinions of women—they'll yell at you on the street in the Lower East Side or Brooklyn because you're ... walking ... [*laughs*] and you're a girl.

And that wouldn't happen in New Zealand?

No! We gave women the vote first, were the first country to have civil unions. There was a point just before the current government when we had a female prime minister, we had a Rastafarian in cabinet, and we had a transgender woman in cabinet.

So, wait, why did you move?

Being Greek and growing up in New Zealand with eyebrows wasn't easy. "Damn! That girl's got eyebrows!"

So your whole life you've had a bit of an outsidersy experience?

Oh, always! My mum took me back to Greece for about a year when I was eight, and I felt like an outsider there, too, since I'd grown up in New Zealand. I was really loud and outgoing in New Zealand, but was oddly quiet for Greece, you know? So traveling was always about feeling like an outsider. I mean, New Zealand is beautiful; it's an amazing country. But you hit a ceiling very quickly and need to expand for your own sanity. With this band, I never wanted to say we're a New Zealand band; I just wanted to be a band on an international level and see how people responded to us.

You've toured all over the States. What is it like being a woman in a van with three dudes for weeks at a time?

I was brought up with three older brothers, so I bring this really nice family vibe. Also ... I was always rough and tumble and used to being on the road, outside of my comfort zone, as I learned my chops in film. Before the band, I was one of New Zealand's top camera operators, and worked on the *Lord of the Rings* movies, so I know how to keep my shit together.

You recently released a seven-inch single called "In Full."

We've put out two albums and an EP already, but this is our first piece of vinyl, after ten years. Vinyl was expensive when we first started the band. It's not easy to tour with vinyl and nobody fucking buys it. I mean, who's got a record player?

It might fly in Brooklyn, but when you're on the road, maybe not so much.

Traveling with CDs is actually very practical; they don't melt. Although, vinyl has made a huge comeback. I'm one of those vinyl junkies who has always bought it, but it's good to cater to everyone. Of course now there's file sharing. I'm not thrilled about it, but I realize it's the real world and I'd rather people enjoy what we do than not hear it.

Have you ever encountered any trouble when you show up for a gig wearing underwear?





“They think, *Oh, this little thing in her outfit, she won’t know any better... and they’ll try to stiff us.*”

Some places in the United States wouldn’t put up our posters as they were too risqué. Hilarious, really!

Or they’ll mess with our guarantee. They think, *Oh, this little thing in her outfit, she won’t know any better...* and they’ll try to stiff us out of what we had agreed on.

Little do they know how in control you are.

My bandmates think I’m a great business lady, as I am the writer, manager, booker, promoter—the lot really, as this is my baby.... But I can be pretty bad sometimes at getting all the right promotion for the band, pushing record sales, and so on. So we make most of our money on the road.

I love this band because we do everything ourselves. I mean, I don’t know how to grab the attention of record labels; I don’t know how to become an overnight sensation. All I know is how to work our asses off and rock our asses off, and over time the crowds get bigger, and they love you more if you hang out with them after the show, and then you get to know them and crash on their floors and get drunk with them and high with them, and we gradually built our way up.

You have a history of supporting yourself while traveling. I remember you told me about working at the Moulin Rouge.

Oh, right, I was in Paris on my OE. In New Zealand, everyone goes on an “Overseas Experience” before you choose a college. I was no stranger to strange, and I was really broke, so I took a bar-deejay gig in trade for a free room for the night. This one guy came in and said, “Who’s that girl? I love her, I want to meet her,” so I talked to him and he said, “I want you to come to my work tomorrow and deejay.” I thought it’d be another little shit-hole situation.

He said he’d meet me outside the Moulin Rouge, so I said okay, thinking

that was just a meeting point, and I get there and suddenly he’s opening the door and saying, “I want you to deejay here tonight, and we’ll see how it goes.” So before long, I was deejaying pretty much every weekend, and the girls actually got me up onstage to dance with them. But they kept telling me to tuck my tail under. [Laughs] I can’t help it; I was built this way!

But New York is still your favorite city?

It’s hard to explain what New York has done for us. I mean, the people are really true, real rock ‘n’ rollers....

Music is a rich part of American culture that I feel we fit into and got supported by. Whereas, it has taken New Zealand a long time to truly get behind its homegrown artists.

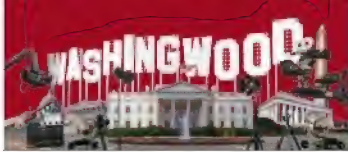
We got to play alongside many of our heroes, like Southern Culture on the Skids, Matt Verta-Ray, Jon Spencer, members of the New York Dolls, Lenny Kaye, the Swingin’ Neckbreakers, the Dictators, and many, many more.

However, with our visas pending, we decided after six years to relocate back to New Zealand for a bit. It has taken us a long time to readjust to New Zealand life. After living in one of the most vibrant cities in the world and being accepted by so many fans, other musicians, festival organizers, venue owners, record companies, and the like with our freaky rock ‘n’ roll, it truly saddens me to think about what we have left behind. The U.S.A. is my home; New Zealand is where I grew up and where my family resides. It’s very tough on the mind and the soul to have two places so dear to you.

What’s in store for you for the future?

We have been playing packed shows and festivals, to 30,000 people or more. And we’re working on a new seven-inch for our tour of Spain this fall. Then we’ll work toward another full album for our summer tour of the United States in 2016. 





PANDERING & PORK CHOPS: SHAMELESS IN IOWA

The presidential candidates took their campaigns to Iowa to attend the state fair. In the process, they demonstrated just how much of a circus the race is. But who are the clowns? • By Steve Faber



I had considered writing a diatribe on the first GOP debates; after all, 24 million people tuned in to watch. Not to mention, we're citizens of Washingwood, where politics and show business engaged in psychosexual congress years ago and left behind a bastard child that morphed into a Hollywood media-political spectacle pumping out set pieces and sound bites. We are all that bastard child now, receivers of pieces and bites, tough on the ears, brutal on the eyes. I'll still touch on the debate(s), but I think the Iowa State Fair tells you all you need to know about how one is elected president.

Iowa—great state, great people, with an almost surreal impact on each party's nomination. Iowa doesn't have a presidential primary, per se. Instead, Iowa has a "caucus," meaning that people "vote" in living rooms. In February 2016, whoever shows up in somebody's living room, has a beer, and talks politics can cast something resembling a vote, but it's not really a vote. The owner of said living room tells the parties' national committees which candidate inspired the most chat time, beer drinking, political talk. Iowa comprises less than one percent of the total delegate count needed for either party's nomination, yet political careers are made and destroyed in that state every four years.

Al Gore killed it in Iowa in 2000 and went on to become the nominee of the Democratic Party. Same with John Kerry in 2004. However, prior to those gentlemen, hometown favorite Tom Harkin won Iowa in 1992, as did Richard Gephardt in 1988. Remember presidential nominees Harkin and Gephardt?

In Iowa, you can also vote for "Uncommitted." In 1976, "Uncommitted" won the caucus. (Obviously, "Uncommitted" did not end up winning the nomination and becoming president.) "Uncommitted" always does fairly well in Iowa. Voting "Uncommitted" is a bit like sleeping with a woman who admits she has a boyfriend and isn't really into it. But you still sleep with her. Neither of you knows why, except, in the moment, it makes sense. But it'll never lead to anything. That's "Uncommitted."

It all begins at the Iowa State Fair. That's where a serious candidate starts to see the money paid for ads in Iowa blossom into votes. One way those votes are represented is, I kid you not, by the number of corn kernels deposited into mason jars at the fair. It's called "Cast Your Kernel." No cheating. You get one corn kernel. Drop it into the mason jar with your candidate's name. As of this writing, Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton have the most corn kernels in the most jars (more jars for more kernels). Most likely, one of the attendees at the Iowa State Fair will be our next president. The most powerful human being on earth will have begun his or her journey with a corn kernel in a mason jar. And the serious candidates, trust me, have many paid staffers and volunteers to secretly stuff forbidden corn into jars, hedging their bets, leaving nothing to chance. In Iowa, if you're Hillary Clinton or Donald Trump, Marco Rubio or Ted Cruz, you rally your troops and get those jars filled with corn. Why do Europeans laugh at us? I mean, the Euro-world is in the tank economically, but still ... Cast Your Kernel?

Winning Iowa catapults a winning candidate into New Hampshire, giving him or her a huge bump—an irrationally huge, odd, not-really-casting-ballots, less-than-one-percent-of-total-delegates, cast-your-kernel, give-a-shit bump.

The good people of Iowa—the very decent people of Des Moines whom I have met, people who want to hear the truth, good or bad, just straight-



Donald Trump

up *truth*, no bullshit, at one of the largest state fairs in the nation—were subjected to a spectacle in August 2015. A spectacle that was an orgasm for Washington. Here, Hollywood truly met Washington.

To be fair, politicking used to contain the same elements of nonsense. But they were tolerable elements, just enough to satisfy the local audience. In other words, even in politics, water rises to its own level. Candidates and voters knew when enough was enough. They had an instinctual gut feeling. That's over now.

Here's how it used to go, how high the water used to rise: The candidate would attend the local venue where the votes are (in this case, the state fair), eat the local cuisine, kiss a bunch of babies, shake a lot of hands, photograph it, film it, and—after two hours, no more—deliver a speech. That speech defined said candidate, telling the audience, whether they be Iowans, Californians, or those from the South or the Northeast: This is who I am, this is what I have accomplished, and this is what I plan on accomplishing as president should I get through the nightmare of running for president.

That's a quaint memory now. Why?

Because the majority of political consumers don't demand more, and the candidates know this. And thus, here's how it currently runs (apropos to Iowa, although Iowa is a template for the rest of the nation): Arrive. Make it a big deal that you are arriving. Regardless of how you arrive—be it car, bus, private helicopter, private jet, spaceship, time travel—create the false expectation that your arrival in and of itself is a huge fucking deal. “Oh, Dr. Ben Carson will be with us in Des Moines? Is Jeb Bush coming? Rick Santorum's going to be here! They won't let Donald land his helicopter on State Fair grounds proper, but he said ‘Fuck it’ and is landing just outside the fair. What a guy. He's getting my kernel!” He even offered helicopter rides to the kids. Personally, I wouldn't let my kid on Donald Trump's helicopter. It just screams liability. And I know I'd get screwed on the settlement. I mean, he always wins, right?

Winning Iowa catapults a winning candidate into New Hampshire, giving him or her an irrationally huge bump.

In any event, you, the candidate, have arrived. Make sure you get as many cameras on your face as humanly possible, because you're going to cut a commercial out of this chaos within 24 hours. Do the baby-kissing, handshaking thing. Pose for selfies. (By the way, is there any way we can stop this cultural nightmare, the selfie? It's as if “I think therefore I am” has been replaced by “I selfie, therefore I was.”)

Then you, the candidate, engage in what can only be described as “Caligula meets food.” Anything, and I mean anything, that can be considered edible is deep-fried and impaled on a stick. To watch Hillary Clinton eat a pork chop on a stick is a bit like watching a ballerina in a mud-wrestling match. You know she'd practiced and was repulsed. (“Okay, how do I navigate this lamb-chop—er—pork-chop-stick thing? Answers, people! I need answers, for fuck's sake! Who am I paying for this? Paul! Aren't you the food-on-a-stick guy? For Christ's sake, is it deboned? Can I say ‘deboned’ in public? Where's the deboner guy I hired? Oh, fuck it, let me call Bill!”) All the while, staffers quaked in the boots that Clinton told them to wear as a result of a micro-


poll—Iowa boots. If they didn't exist before, they do now.

Then, after all the candidates eat every conceivable thing that can be skewered, any candidate with balls, literally or figuratively, has the option of standing on an actual soap box and giving a speech. Most candidates passed on that idea, as it would have required something called “interaction” between the potential voters and the candidate. This year, a few did take to the box: Bernie Sanders, for instance, who can't quite understand that if one explains what being a Democratic Socialist is, a voter might like it ... or dislike it ... but they'll understand it. (Hint: Democratic Socialism is a lot like living in Sweden. You receive a great deal of free stuff, which is really good, but your income-tax burden leads you to contemplate suicide, which is bad, unless you're a pharmaceutical company that sells antidepressants, which is good for the company and

the doctor who prescribes them. But you don't pay for the doctor. It's kind of like being a kid all over again: Do what you want and expect to get grounded once a year.)

Scott Walker also took to the soap box and did his best to explain why he can't explain his immigration policy, as he has no real immigration policy, while hundreds of people heckled him. He did his best chip-in-the-head response by continually yelling, “Not intimidated!” Just those two words. I suppose that will be his new campaign slogan: “Scott Walker: Not Intimidated.” Kind of sounds like the third installment of a Vin Diesel movie: *Drivin' Fast: Not Intimidated*.

Yes, it's all bat-shit crazy. The food, the screaming, the corn. All of it. And worst of all, it's utterly devoid of meaning. There's no policy, no attempt at solutions. Just bromides. I blame us, myself included. We're not on the streets demanding “More!” as in more substance. We are, however, on our phones and computers demanding “More!” as in more bread and circuses. Frankly, there's no bread, just lots of circuses.

So who, really, are the clowns? The politicians or us? Well, of course, I still say them. But we're catching up. 

SEX, LOVE, AND THE PURSUIT OF THE PERFECT PENIS IN *SECOND LIFE*

The online virtual world *Second Life* offers a sex life, too—one with practically no boundaries. Do it with a fairy, go to a nude beach, attend sex parties, and buy whatever kind of dick you'd like to wield. The only danger is real life.

By Matt Posky

A few years ago, a friend asked me if I had ever played *Second Life*. When I answered in the negative, she began to describe a digitized version of reality set aside for those of us with an overabundance of free time but only a modicum of imagination. It sounded terrible, like little more than a modernized, visual representation of the classic chat room. If you're unfamiliar, early chat rooms were cyber locales where adolescents could pretend to be 21 and geriatrics could pretend to be 16. As a youngster, my friends and I used chat rooms to lure in sexual predators and then claim we were the police and had traced their IP address to their residence. Our coup de grâce was telling them to remain inside their homes and not destroy their computers as the local authorities had been dispatched to collect them as evidence. When you're 12, frightening pedophiles is as good a way to spend an afternoon as any. Looking back on those memories, I instantly realized that people had to be using this *Second Life* thing for sex—and it took only 30 seconds of online research to confirm this. While the adolescent inside me wanted to immediately investigate further, years went by without my ever giving it another thought. I was content not knowing, and I assumed that the reality would have never lived up to the hype of my overactive imagination. That assumption was wrong in so many ways.

Seventy-two hours ago, I happened

upon a video of someone's *Second Life* character giving realistic birth to a baby while being coached by a virtual doctor. Thirteen videos later, I decided that I needed to spend the following night creating a *Second Life* avatar, then use it to have internet sex so that I might get someone internet pregnant. I would name the baby Smegma and abandon it, and its mother, on the morrow.

But before any of that could take place, I needed to do some more research over roughly nine beers. In my "research," each individual artifact (usually a video) depicted an abstraction of real life that I found completely hilarious, but also left me with even more questions. Why were so many of the birthing couples black? Why did all of the black couples give birth to a white baby? What happens to the baby after you inevitably get tired of being an online parent to a pretend life-form? How would you even initiate sex in the first place? Conceptualizing the sexual acts themselves was difficult enough without the birthing implications and familial commitments that might follow. I was becoming obsessed. This was my Roswell, Sasquatch, and JFK assassination all rolled into one.

I logged on to seek these answers and registered my new digital identity. The first step was deciding if I wanted to be a person, vampire, werewolf, robot, vehicle, or any number of anthropomorphic animals. I decided to be a human, but didn't rule out having sex with any of the other options once I was fully immersed in the cul-

ture (sadly, no opportunities to have sex with cars ever arose).

After an intensely long loading procedure, there was an even longer tutorial. Here, your hand is held as you learn to use the mouse (or keyboard) to navigate your in-game persona around a safe zone. It even prompts you to practice typing into the chat window and encourages you to use the voice option if you have a microphone. This is as helpful as it is tedious because, even though you can skip it, there is plenty to learn during the tutorial. It was roughly a full hour before I could start morphing my avatar into something that vaguely resembled a human being. I say "vaguely" because my preliminary run resulted in a spray-tanned Holocaust survivor with the pouty lips of Mick Jagger and the lazy eyes of Andy Cohen. He had a spiked comb-over and wore a default outfit consisting of a blue sweater and khakis. Realizing that I was going to have to use this thing to get laid made me extremely sad. It was my best effort, and it looked like I had intentionally created a sickly, beige-colored monster.

The next hour consisted of me walking that monster through one abandoned map after another—cityscapes containing nothing more than pages of newspaper blowing around. The fact that many of the virtual cities were just XXX movie theaters, abandoned strip clubs, and filthy motels made things sort of terrifying. It took me quite a while before I found any densely populated areas, but once I did, I got to work quickly with classic lines like, "Are you at least 18 years old in real life? Because I'm not going to jail for anybody."

But my subpar looks kept turning people off. Everyone in *Second Life* is insanely good-looking, unless they are too new to figure out how to be gorgeous or are really committed to roleplaying as a small animal. I had found the hip spots and the beautiful people, but it was now painfully evident that I was not one of them. First, they were all sparkly and glamorous, while I looked like a burn victim in a skintight blue sweater. Second, almost everyone in the game is a vampire or werewolf for some reason. It had become so popular that the game makers now automatically give you the option to be one when you create a new character. I learned pretty quickly that, if you're trying to get laid and someone asks if you are a vampire, always say that you are. I don't know why women want to



A screen grab from one of
the author's adventures



Above:
A screen
grab from
the author.
Right:
A screen
grab of a
Second Life
hottie.

fuck vampires so much, but they do. Weird, lonely women want to sleep with vampires more than the rest of us want to breathe air.

With that in mind, it wasn't hard for me to decide to follow the vampire's path, and I started asking around. After dozens of mentions on how crummy my avatar looked, a kind woman helped me purchase a better one that had more of a vampire feel. To reference how much better this new character looked against my old one would require some sort of high-level theoretical mathematics. But a rough comparative analogy might be that of a flickering candle against the burning gas ball at the center of our solar system. No human is meant to be as attractive as this thing was, and I quickly began reeling in the babes. They loved my charm, but what they really adored was the glow from my manly chest and the steely blue gaze that left them hypnotized and drowning in my vampiric sensuality. Even in Pretendland, we are still shallow creatures.

Now might be a good time to mention that you have to either buy or find a penis. Initially, I didn't even realize that I required one. But it was eventually explained to me that I needed an avatar with realistic skin and genitalia. Without these things, the majority of the sexual animations appear laughable, and the more superficial players won't take you seriously when all you can offer them is a bare patch of smooth skin at the bottom of your torso. A good penis in *Second Life* can set you back a few bucks. Since I wasn't about to spend a dime on this



excursion, I wasted quite a bit of time looking for dicks lying around. Eventually I did find one, but it was implausible and cartoonish. The tip was pink and the rest was sort of a jaundice-yellow color. After flashing it around in a few public places, I was quickly told that this would not cut it with the ladies. It was also revealed to me, after I had some difficulty figuring out how to "unequip" the penis, that I could only show it in adult-specific zones. It may be worth noting that this was my second day playing this game, and I still didn't know how to use my own nightmarish dong. (The learning curve is admittedly steep for some actions.)

In these adult zones, I heard a lot of people speaking German. Most places represent more fantastical versions of real-life places, but there are a staggering number of dirty gas-station bathrooms and haunted houses to fornicate in. Brothels exist and prostitution is fairly common, but I spent the majority of my time on nude beaches or in various clubs. The clientele is primarily humanoid, but you'll occasionally see a shimmering dog walk through with an oversize erection or a transgendered elf with bat wings. There was also a guy riding around on a Yoshi and playing the *Super Mario* invincibility theme while talking about the warm fluid that would soon be flowing into various parts of everyone's bowels. His voice sounded like he was probably someone's grandfather. Every so often, he'd drop an audio clip of Mel Gibson yelling, "Freedom!" At one point, the virtual deejay began playing "Cat's

in the Cradle" by Harry Chapin. It was probably the most unsettling thing I have yet to witness on the internet. It nearly caused me to just turn off my computer and burn it. I was in a virtual sex club with strippers and every type of simulated eroticism imaginable, and someone decided to play a song about a father and son missing every opportunity to become closer. It was too much. Eventually, I had to mute all the voice chat and background audio so I could keep watching *The Adventures of Pete & Pete* while I played, but the visual cues and text-based chat allow you more than enough interaction.

Fast-forward another hour, and I had acquired a quality, automated penis and a woman to use it on. The penis was realistic (although implausibly large), and had the ability to be flaccid or erect, and to spray whatever I wanted it to. The first penis had been located in what was essentially a digital thrift store for lower-quality items. The second, and better, penis was found as part of a "package deal" on the game's official marketplace. It also came with new eyes and a better skin overlay for my avatar. The whole thing was on special and I could easily afford it with the virtual cash given to me by another generous player. Calculating the exchange rate to real dollars (from their currency of Linden\$) brings it in at less than a penny. Other fully actuated penises can run a few dollars, and specialty penises (animal, demon, angel, etc.) can be even more.

My sex partner was a leggy blonde with fairy wings who immediately began discussing how much she despised her real-life husband, her weight, and how tired she was of having to watch her kids in Oklahoma. Romance was in the air. She talked me through the steps of intercourse, and even went so far as to give me some practice. The sex looked fairly realistic and would have been considered erotic were we not discussing the mechanics behind it. Intercourse is dependent upon being naked, having your penis equipped (if you're male), having a partner, and what positions certain interactive objects (such as a bed) will allow you to do. There are objects that specialize in foreplay, standard sex, toys, S&M, bondage, and basically anything else you can imagine. All you need to do is click a colored orb (usually as part of a set of two or more) and your character is automatically manipulated into per-

forming an action. Your partner does the same with a corresponding sphere. These actions can then be changed as part of a drop-down menu of sexual acts, and the intensity can be adjusted. Bodies change positions, and facial expressions progress toward ecstasy as a variety of acts are performed. While selecting an incorrect orb or action might place you on the wrong end of a thrusting pelvis, it doesn't happen much. Orbs are colored to gender and most are labeled ("Get Head," "Be Punished," and "Orgy Participant," for example) so you can select them with confidence. The key here is communication with your partner, and without it you would be unable to coordinate movements at all. We tried a few different positions before she was suddenly called away on "urgent business." Thanks to her brisk exodus, the sexual interaction orbs weren't the only blue balls I dealt with that evening.

When I saw her again, she asked me to be her virtual boyfriend, and even though I'm pretty sure I said no, she kept showing up in the same places I was. She also continued to complain about her real life, and I began to despise her for dumping her real-world problems into what I had assumed would be an online sexual wonderland. We went on a date to an amusement park and watched a pretend sunset, but we never had sex again. In fact, I never had sex with anyone again. I found that the majority of the women that I met in *Second Life* weren't looking for casual sex, but an actual second life. At one point, I had two women fighting over me because they both wanted to be the one to induct me into their vampire clan by drinking my blood. There was jealousy and genuine hurt feelings about it, despite my involvement being low to moderate. There are real emotions involved, and it's easy to forget that people are considering their interactions with varying degrees of seriousness. Behind every single character you encounter is a real, live person, and they act accordingly. There are no computer-played characters and no specific world objectives, so person-to-person interaction really is the central theme of the game. Even calling it a "game" could be a bit of a misnomer. The closest thing I could compare it to is *Minecraft*, but even that has held on to many traditional gaming

elements that *Second Life* has abandoned for the sake of total user freedom.

I continued my adventure as a digital tourist, and flew or teleported my avatar anyplace I received a hot tip about. A fairy cut my hair inside a giant tree, and I attended a 1980s-themed dance party held inside a Mediterranean-themed strip club. There I met an alarmingly low number of vampires. Everyone was either a run-of-the-mill human being or a cyborg. After a couple of hours of intelligent conversation, a woman named Alysee confessed that she and her in-game boyfriend were meeting in real life for the first time later that week. Evan, the boyfriend, was equally forthcoming, and said he knew of several people who had digital romances that spilled over into the real world. I then inquired around about alternative activities,

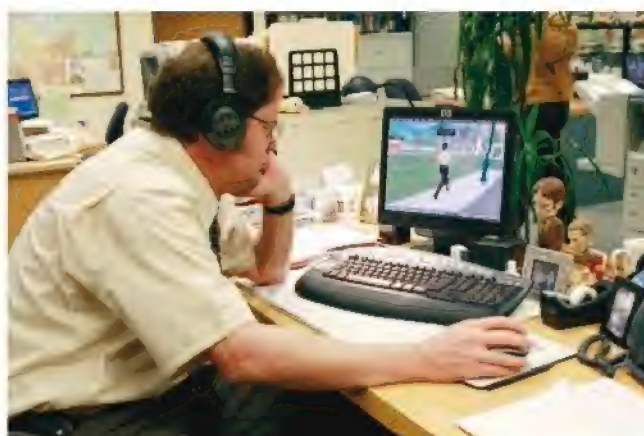
**EVERYONE IN
SECOND LIFE
IS INSANELY
GOOD-LOOKING,
UNLESS THEY
ARE TOO NEW
TO FIGURE
OUT HOW TO BE
GORGEOUS.**

and found out that there is a very devoted community of furies in *Second Life*. I had seen several anthropomorphic animal characters walking around, but all of them refused to speak to me. Defeated, I continued to mingle, and shared a couple of real beers with a college professor who lived 1,500 miles away. We talked about humanity and he suggested I visit a sex club called the Fuck.


Upon my arrival there, I immediately noticed several people engaged in bondage and group sex. There were also dozens of unoccupied interactive orbs set up on all manner of torture devices and cages. A group of child-size avatars arrived and talked to some of the patrons before leaving. When I asked what that was all about, a pale stripper with red eyes and both sets of genitalia explained they were looking for people to go back with them to a different club where everyone pretends to be part of an incestuous family. As my stomach soured, I

was told not to worry because that sort of roleplaying definitely wasn't allowed at *this* club. Meanwhile, someone in the corner was being drowned in a water tank as a couple nearby whipped each other. The woman I had been avoiding began sending me instant messages, asking if we were still virtual boyfriend and girlfriend. I decided to log off for the night.

By the end of the fifth day, I decided that *Second Life* might be best left to those with the time and desire to really commit to it. While the casual player can certainly enjoy the game, it requires a bit more energy than I'd anticipated to secure some digital lovin'. Gawking is one thing, since the plethora of venues, both sex-themed and family-friendly, encourage one to lurk perpetually. Getting directly involved is a whole other story. It had been almost a week, and I had only



just begun to come to grips with navigating the world, controlling my avatar, and interacting with environments. I didn't have it in me to put forth the additional effort required to woo someone into giving me computer head. Realizing that I wanted no part of a second-hand digital relationship with a bored housewife in Oklahoma, I stopped logging on.

My initial worry that it might not be strange or interesting enough to live up to my own mental hype was completely unfounded—but it wasn't exactly what I thought it would be, either. Still, I feel as if I only scratched the surface of what *Second Life* can offer. While I may have no interest at the present moment, my curiosities have not yet been sated, and I might someday venture back to uncover treasures untold. I just have to hope that *Second Life* is still there when I'm ready to return, and that all the women still like their men tall, dark, and vampire. 

**Rainn Wilson
as Dwight
Schrute,
playing
Second Life
on *The Office***





A GODDESS ON HER KNEES


Our November Pet of the Month, Bailey Rayne, who first graced these pages in December 2014, works as a cam girl and an erotic model, but she tells us she's "done a bit of everything. I have a degree in music, and I've worked as a librarian, a sorter at UPS, an associate at T.J. Maxx, a musician, and a teacher. Most at the same time." Following that same vein, her centerfold shoot features the beautiful blonde tackling various facets of life as a domestic goddess—including donning a tiara. No matter what she's doing, though, her sex appeal shines through.

Photographs by Tammy Sands



"I love doing
cam shows
and posing
nude. I literally
get paid to
enjoy myself.
That's crazy,
right? But I
hate it when
people steal
and upload my
content online.
Pay for your
porn!"




A blonde woman with long, wavy hair is wearing a small, ornate tiara. She is posing on a bed with white linens, wearing a pink and white striped bikini bottom. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background shows a window with a view of a swimming pool and greenery.

"I've never had sex on camera with another person, but touching myself is pretty amazing. And I really want to try a threesome. I've been thinking about that a lot lately. Anyone interested?"





A full-page photograph of a woman with long, wet, reddish-brown hair lying on her back on a stone shower floor. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. Her skin is wet and glistening. Her right hand is resting on her left thigh. The background is a textured, grey stone wall.

"The first time I tried anal was my best sexual experience. Not because anal is my favorite thing in the world, but because the guy was extremely open sexually and taught me to be the same."

↓ TEAR HERE ↓

PENTHOUSE

BAILEY RAYNE NOVEMBER 2015 PET OF THE MONTH



↓ TEAR HERE ↓







"Orange Is the New Black had some crazy sex scenes in season three. I like the rough stuff. But I want to make sweet, passionate love to *Game of Thrones* star Emilia Clarke—with or without the wig."

PENTHOUSE

BAILEY RAYNE NOVEMBER 2015 PET OF THE MONTH

Bailey Rayne







Vital stats:

32C-26-36; 5'8"

23 years old

Hometown:

Indianapolis.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

I'm from a small town just outside the city, and I love that everyone knows everyone there.

Your favorite foods:

Seafood, and any kind of chocolate dessert.

Your favorite sport:

Basketball. (Hoosiers!)

Favorite way to work out:

Walking my dogs.

Favorite way to relax:

Netflix and puppy cuddles.

Your favorite kind of music:

I'm a classic-rock kind of girl.

What music gets you in the mood?

Jazz can do amazing things to me.

Your favorite sex position:

Doggie-style, hands down.

You're always up for?

Sixty-nine.

What gets you in trouble?

I love masturbating in public.

What do you consider romantic?

Candles and wine when I get home.

What do you consider kinky?

Hot wax and rope when I get home.

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Dan Smith
Presents

BACK IN A FLASH

Tattoos now permeate mainstream culture completely, but let's not lose sight of the medium's history.

Artist: Nick Colella
Tattooing for: 21 years
Find him at: Great Lakes Tattoo in Chicago
Instagram: @nickcolella
Email: nick@greatlaketattoo.com

What's your earliest memory of seeing a tattoo, and what made you decide to pursue the craft?

My father had a couple of old tattoos from Greg May, who tattooed in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Greg May was a descendant of Tatts Thomas, a Chicago legend who tattooed on South State Street for decades. My dad had a Hot Stuff devil and a bumblebee. I have a distinct memory of him coming home with the bumblebee on his shoulder. He took the bandage off in front of us and there was this half-bloody-looking bee, but it looked so cool.

My pursuit of tattooing came much, much later, after I had been tattooed a few times. I figured all the tough guys had tattoos so I wanted to look tough as well, and have no one bother me, and at the time tattooing helped do that. At 20 years old, I was tattooing full-time in Chicago.

Where did you get your start?

I started tattooing in my house with equipment I got from a girlfriend at the time who had access to it. It was just some old tattoo kit, but everything was there, and the day I got the stuff, I tattooed at my parents' dining room table. It was a nightmare. I had the A to Z book out on the table and set up the machine step-by-step, just like it told me to do. That went on for a few months, until I met Wayne Borucki, who at the time worked at Chicago Tattoo Company. Wayne and I became friends, and he started showing me what not to do and what tattooers to watch, and I started hanging out in the shop. A year later, I was working there full-time.

Your attention to thoroughly well-executed tattoos stands out to me. Is that something you were personally conscious of from the beginning?

From the very beginning, I was told about clean lines and shading and solid color, but being told about them and actually doing them are two very different things. To this day, I strive to give everyone a good tattoo, no matter what the subject matter is.

Would you say you have a specific style that you specialize in or prefer?

I guess my style would be considered traditional American tattooing, although to me it's just street-shop tattooing. I prefer doing those older, postwar designs and tattoos that you would see on sailors and military personnel in the forties and fifties. To me, those designs are the core of this business, and embody everything that tattooing stands for.

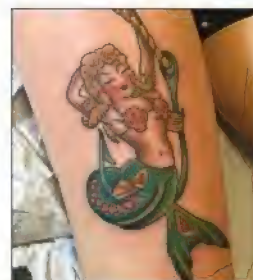
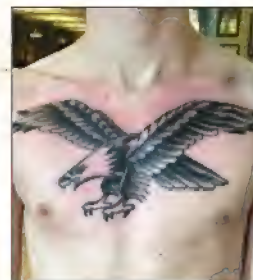
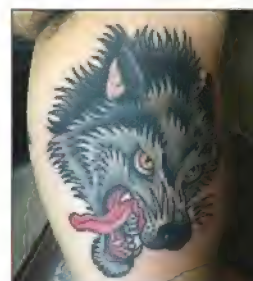
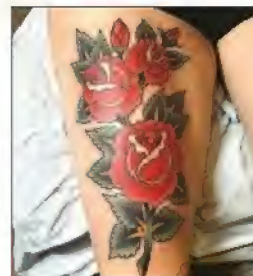
What are your thoughts on the diverse tattoo styles that are out there today, and where do you see the next ten years going?

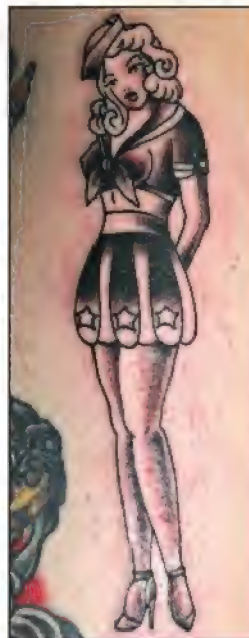
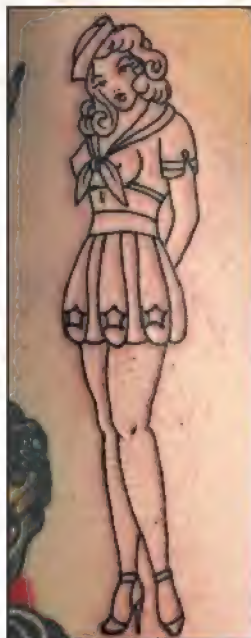
It amazes me to see all the different styles of tattooing now. I love seeing all the different people's work, but there is a formula in tattooing that has worked well to stand the test of time. With these formulas not always being followed, I'm curious to see the longevity of the all-color/no-black-outline tattoos.

You were born and raised in Chicago, and you take great pride in sharing its history with people. Did growing up there influence your style at all?

I've always been drawn to the old-time tattooers from here. When I first started at Chicago Tattoo, we tattooed off Cliff Raven's flash almost exclusively; that definitely planted the seed of how I think tattoos should look. I'm sure seeing old-timers come in after years and years, and their tattoos look like they should, had an influence in how I tattoo as well. It just makes sense that if Cliff and the guys before him were doing tattoos this way, and they look good 30 years later, they had to have it dialed in.

What made you choose this W. R. King design? Were you a fan of his work previously? Did you change anything about the original?



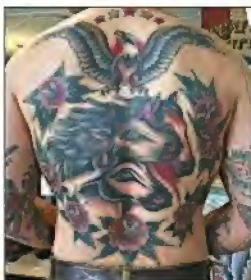


I mostly chose the W. R. King design because she was a stand-alone pinup and she was a Navy girl. To me, seeing an old sailor with a pinup girl on his forearm is nostalgic. The sailor who goes away to war and gets a girl tattooed on him to remind him of home and his girl is classic. That's some heavy stuff right there. I'd seen King's work before, and it's just classic carny Americana tattooing—rough but very powerful. I changed a couple of things, cleaned her up and straightened out her face a bit. She was a beauty before and a beauty afterward.



How important was the original design in this project, or when you're drawing something for a client? Do you refer back to traditional artists?

The guys who came before us doing those traditional designs were instrumental in creating the language we all use today. They were figuring out composition, style, and subject matter that worked for them, while using hand tools or using the machines. Those images still have the same appeal they did back then. I often refer to the tattooers who came before me and follow their ways to try to get the same effect they did.



What are your favorite things about tattooing? Are there aspects of it that you're not fond of?

I was very fortunate to spend my early adult life in a tattoo shop that was in a somewhat fringe yet very busy neighborhood. I got to meet so many different types of people and spent time with all walks of life and learned from all of them. The tattoo shop was where all kinds of people crossed paths. There would be days where there were bikers and cross-dressers in the shop, and other days with lawyers and construction workers, and yet other days with junkies and schoolteachers. You had to switch up how you interacted with them all. I think with the influx of so many tattooers and tattoo shops, and the lack of the walk-in business, that type of shop atmosphere for the most part is gone. Now you have so many people in private studios doing their masterpiece works and thinking they are so



important because their customers are always pumping that into their heads. They've lost the sense of what tattooing is, of what the tattoo parlor is about. They forget that at the end of the day, no matter where your tattoo shop or your private studio is, no matter who tells you you're awesome, you're just putting tattoos on people. Most of the world doesn't get what you do or why you do it.

Tattoo flash dates back to the earliest days of tattooing. Do you think the magic of painting and trading flash might get lost in the modern age?

At this point, modern flash painting is dead. I paint flash because that's what I'm supposed to do; that is the "tradition" I have chosen to follow. I paint flash to pay it forward, to be another link in the chain of tattooing. I'm not trying to reinvent anything. I'm just trying to further the language of the tattooers who did it first.

After nearly two decades tattooing, you opened your own shop. It is by far the nicest I've ever seen, and has quickly become an important landmark for quality. What do you feel is important when it comes to offering a tattoo experience to a client?

When my wife and I decided to open Great Lakes Tattoo, I wanted to have a place that would immediately become an institution in this great city. I wanted a place that would be synonymous with the amazing tattooing that I was surrounded by, with people who loved tattooing as much as I did, and a place to showcase the history of tattooing in Chicago. I believe we have achieved those goals. We named it Great Lakes Tattoo to give a nod to the Great Lakes naval base, which supplied most of the tattooers in this city with willing sailors to tattoo. I also wanted to show my collection of Chicago-related tattoo history, so the walls are covered with pictures and flash from Chicago's South State Street vice district, where all the tattooers were, up until the 1960s. As far as tattooing goes, I am just trying to do right by my customers, my peers, and those who came before me.

GOING DIGITAL

Can a “sacred-spot prostate massage” lift your orgasm to a new level? Our unflinching reporter opens up to the idea.

By Grant Stoddard

With all due care and consideration, an attractive, blonde, forty-something woman slowly pushes a lubricated, gloved finger into my anus.

“Is that okay?” she asks.

“Um, yeah,” I lie. “I think so.”

“Just concentrate on your breathing,” she says.

This is easier said than done when you feel as if you’re going to the bathroom in reverse, but I give it my best shot. *Breathe. In. Out. In. Out.*

I am a man approaching 40 years of age, which means that having a perfect stranger digitally probe my lower digestive tract is about to become an annual event. For the time being, however, this sort of thing is neither recommended by my physician nor

covered by my health insurance. I’m here, in this rather small, humid, and dimly lit apartment on New York City’s Lower East Side because I’m getting a prostate massage. But as the self-styled “Dr. Rylie” delves ever deeper into my rectum, I struggle to remember exactly why.

My journey to this moment began a few weeks earlier, when I happened upon a series of high-quality porn clips that featured very-drawn-out, technical-looking penis massage. The practitioner’s coconut-oil-slathered handiwork looked otherworldly, and I became intent on experiencing something similar for myself. It turns out that you can’t conduct an internet search for penis massages in New York City without Dr. Rylie’s name coming up a hell of a lot. I emailed Rylie, of “R and R Tantra Intimate

Remedies,” with links to the clips that had so captured my imagination, and soon received a friendly response.

She said that while her services did include a penis massage similar to the ones depicted in the clips I’d sent, she strongly recommended that I combine the experience with her “sacred-spot prostate massage.” Not only would this have health benefits and teach me how to separate orgasm from ejaculation, she said, but it would also result in a much more intense orgasm than is usually achieved by the penis massage alone.

For me, the word “prostate” had always been fraught with negative associations. The term was always either preceded by “enlarged” or followed by “cancer.” But, not too long ago, I began to gather that some men—including friends of mine—took full advantage of the “sacred spot” Rylie mentioned to lift their orgasms to an entirely new level. Always looking to squeeze a little more fun out of life, I’d invited several girlfriends to poke around back there when we were getting it on, but I never experienced anything like the intense orgasms that Rylie was prom-

ing your orgasm should be reason enough to try it, right?”

I nod in agreement.

“Ready?” she asks, and invites me to strip naked. I do. She offers me a shower, but I tell her I’d just taken one before the short walk to her place.

“Some guys come straight from work,” she says.

“Say no more,” I reply, and realize that I have never meant that sentiment more wholeheartedly than just now.

I hop onto a bed facedown.

Straddling my lower body, she rubs my back and butt for around five minutes. I ask her questions about her life, and I’m surprised to learn that Rylie is a grandmother. She doesn’t seem much older than I am.

Next, Rylie asks me to turn over. She takes up a sitting position between my spread thighs. I want to be rocking an award-winning boner, but due to nerves and a little uncertainty, I instead have the turgidity of a Jet-Puffed marshmallow.

She reaches for some lubricant—a concoction that she devised herself and markets as “Monkey Milk”—and begins using it to stroke my penis, which eventually responds appropri-

barely inserted the tip of her finger. My penis immediately begins to deflate. The sensation makes me feel as if I’m sitting on the toilet. I’m also worried that, despite my best efforts, my rectum might not be entirely empty. I wonder if the women who have invited me to put things in their butts are beset by similar worries. I feel for them like never before.

“Just relax,” she says, and I do my utmost to obey.

Eventually, Rylie manages to insert around an inch and a half of her index finger into my ass and starts rubbing in what feels like a “come hither” motion, the very same motion I use on the anterior wall of the vagina to elicit G-spot orgasms and, in some women, the ejaculation of fluid. Interestingly, a woman’s Skene’s gland—the source of much of that ejaculate—is referred to as the “female prostate.” Studies have shown that the female ejaculate has a similar composition to the fluid generated in the male prostate gland. In men, this “prostatic fluid” makes up about 30 percent of an ejaculation. With this factoid in mind, I ask Rylie if most guys come more with prostate massage.

“Improving your control and improving your orgasm should be reason enough to try it, right?”

ising. In fact, I found a finger in the ass uncomfortable and off-putting. Perhaps that was because my good, giving, and game partners didn’t know exactly what to do, and I didn’t have the firsthand (or finger) experience to guide them. Maybe a session with a knowledgeable professional would enable me to level up. With that potential in mind, I told Rylie that I was—*ahem*—all-in.

“I really have every kind of guy come to see me for this,” Rylie says after greeting me, then lists clerics, construction workers, cab drivers, and captains of industry among her patrons. “Young, old, married, single, disabled, able-bodied. I’ve had thousands of clients, plenty of them regulars.”

Rylie says that by seeing them regularly, she’s helped scores of clients with sexual problems, including impotency, premature ejaculation, performance anxiety, or even a general loss of interest in sex.

“But nothing has to be wrong for this to be beneficial,” she tells me while cueing up some soft music. “Improving your control and improv-

ately to the situation. All the while we chitchat. I keep asking questions; Rylie keeps offering candid answers. I learn about her recent heart problems and promise to lend her a book I have about lifestyle changes that are purported to reverse heart disease. All the while, she cradles my balls in one hand while stroking my penis until I’m harder than a roll of quarters. Her ministrations are not quite as ornate as those depicted in the video clips I’d sent her, but they are certainly effective.

“Tell me when you get close to orgasm,” she says.

Within a minute or two I get close and tell her. She lets go and waits for my erection to subside slightly before she begins again. We go through about a half dozen of these stop-start cycles. Each time, she challenges me to try to get closer and closer to “the point of no return” before raising the flag, which I dutifully do.

Dr. Rylie then reaches for more Monkey Milk and, while continuing to hold my rock-hard penis, slowly pushes the business end of a Louisville Slugger into my ass. At least, that’s what it feels like. In actual fact, she’s

“Yes,” she says. “Bringing guys close several times and manipulating the prostate tends to increase the quantity.”

Like many guys, I like the idea of producing elephantine quantities of jizz, but unlike the apparently many guys who come to Rylie, I’m finding it difficult to stay hard—let alone come—due to the wiggling obstruction in my lower bowel. I decide to dispense with the chitchat and get my head in the game. Eventually, I manage to get used to Rylie’s finger, stay hard, and re-approach the point of no return.

“I’m going to come,” I say.

“Just continue to breathe,” she says.

The eruption that soon follows is indeed a departure from the normal orgasms I experience. The sensation runs up the back of my spine and fizzles on my scalp. It radiates through my limbs and into my extremities. When I eventually open my eyes, I notice that the volume of ejaculate is a little more than usual.


As she towels me off, Rylie asks what I thought about the experience. I tell her that I found it intense and

novel, though not exactly mind-blowing. I don't tell her that the wriggling finger was more distracting than stimulating, and the way the orgasm rippled through my whole body somehow made it less sexual. Overall, I wouldn't say the feeling was more pleasurable than my usual orgasms. But the uncertainty about what to expect may have impacted

my enjoyment. I didn't, for example, unreservedly enjoy the first piece of sashimi I put in my mouth. I had to get used to it before it became something I liked, then loved, then craved.

Rylie, who has scores of clients who credit her with saving their sex lives, and their marriages, seems to read my mind. "I could tell that you were holding back because you were think-

ing about it too much," she says, as I gather my clothes and get dressed. "I think you'd benefit from a couple more sessions now that you know what to expect."

There are certainly worse things in life to have to get used to. And if it means attaining a truly transcendent orgasm, I'd be more than happy to give it one or two—or ten—more tries. 

TO BOLDLY GO

Not only can prostate stimulation result in an incredibly intense orgasm, but it can also help maintain sexual health. • By Christine Colby

Massaging the prostate gland can help release old semen that's been trapped inside, which otherwise can become stagnant and cause swelling. According to the Urology Care Foundation, prostatitis (infection of the prostate) can be treated by massaging the prostate, which "can help ease pressure by draining fluid from the prostate ducts." In addition, it can reduce the risk of prostate cancer and even alleviate erectile dysfunction and frequent nighttime urination.

Most important, though, it can cause explosive, long-lasting orgasms that are stronger and more intense than from penile stimulation on its own. If you'd rather not visit a stranger for a prostate "milking," you can attempt to locate and massage your prostate on your own or with a trusted partner. Here are some new and distinctive prostate stimulators that offer extra excitement.



■ Fun Factory Duke

The Duke is designed to penetrate deeply to maintain a feeling of fullness during play. The unusual shape means it will stimulate the anus, prostate, and perineum at the same time. It features a removable vibrating bullet with variable intensity, is waterproof, and it's made of medical-grade silicone. (FunFactory.com; \$100)




■ Lelo Hugo

This elegant and sophisticated silicone toy has a hands-free design. Those free hands (yours or your partner's) can—among other things—operate the sleek, wireless remote control, which works at a distance of up to 40 feet and uses "SenseMotion" technology. Change the vibration speed and intensity by tilting and shaking the remote, which also vibrates. The Hugo is waterproof, USB rechargeable (in only two hours), and will stimulate your perineum as well as your prostate. (Lelo.com; \$219)



■ Aneros ProGasm Ice

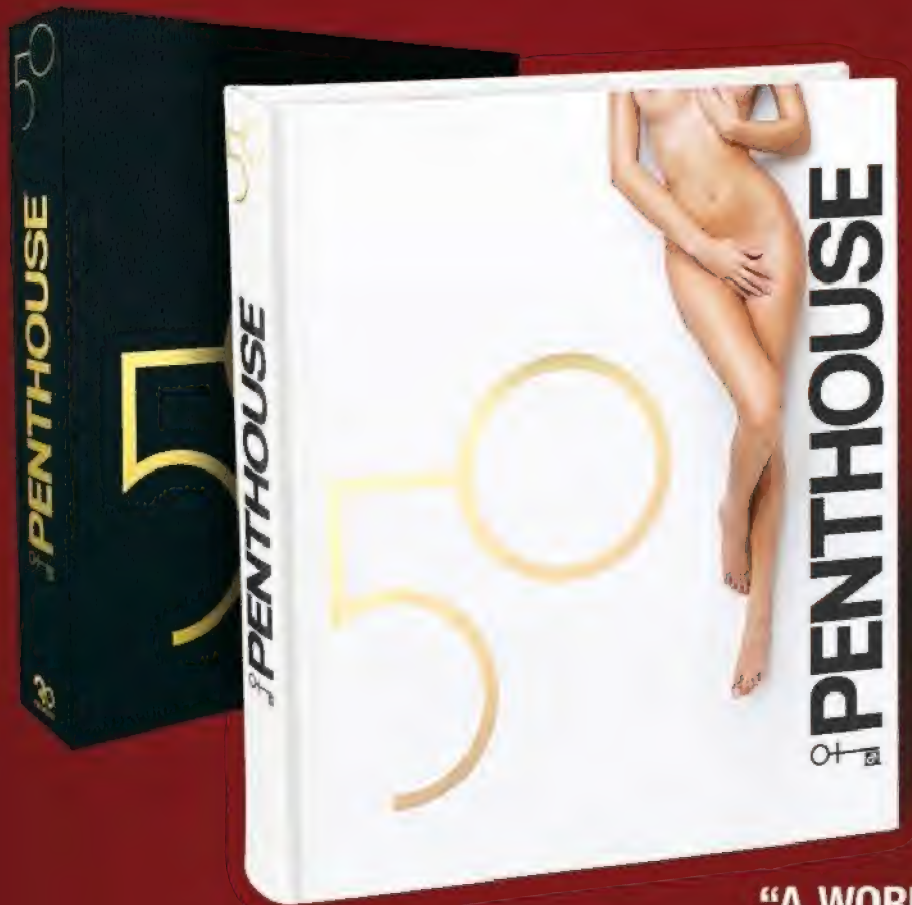
This is not a beginner's toy, but it's worth a try when you're ready. Each toy is one of a kind, as the production process creates a unique pattern of air bubbles within the medical- and food-grade plastic. It may take some practice to insert, but, in addition to providing interior fullness and stimulation, the hands-free ProGasm Ice has two outside tabs that press on your perineum and just under your tailbone, to stimulate your root chakra and give you sensations right up your back, which the company calls the Kundalini. Due to its size, this toy should not be used if you have an enlarged prostate or prostate cancer. (PenthouseStore.com; \$67) 



■ P Rock

This waterproof, flexible silicone massager will rock your world—literally. You can use it right out of the package with the included battery. Simply insert, and then gently rock back and forth. The P Rock is designed to also stimulate your balls with the textured, vibrating cup at the other end. (PenthouseStore.com; \$30)

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James Krug, R3D Media

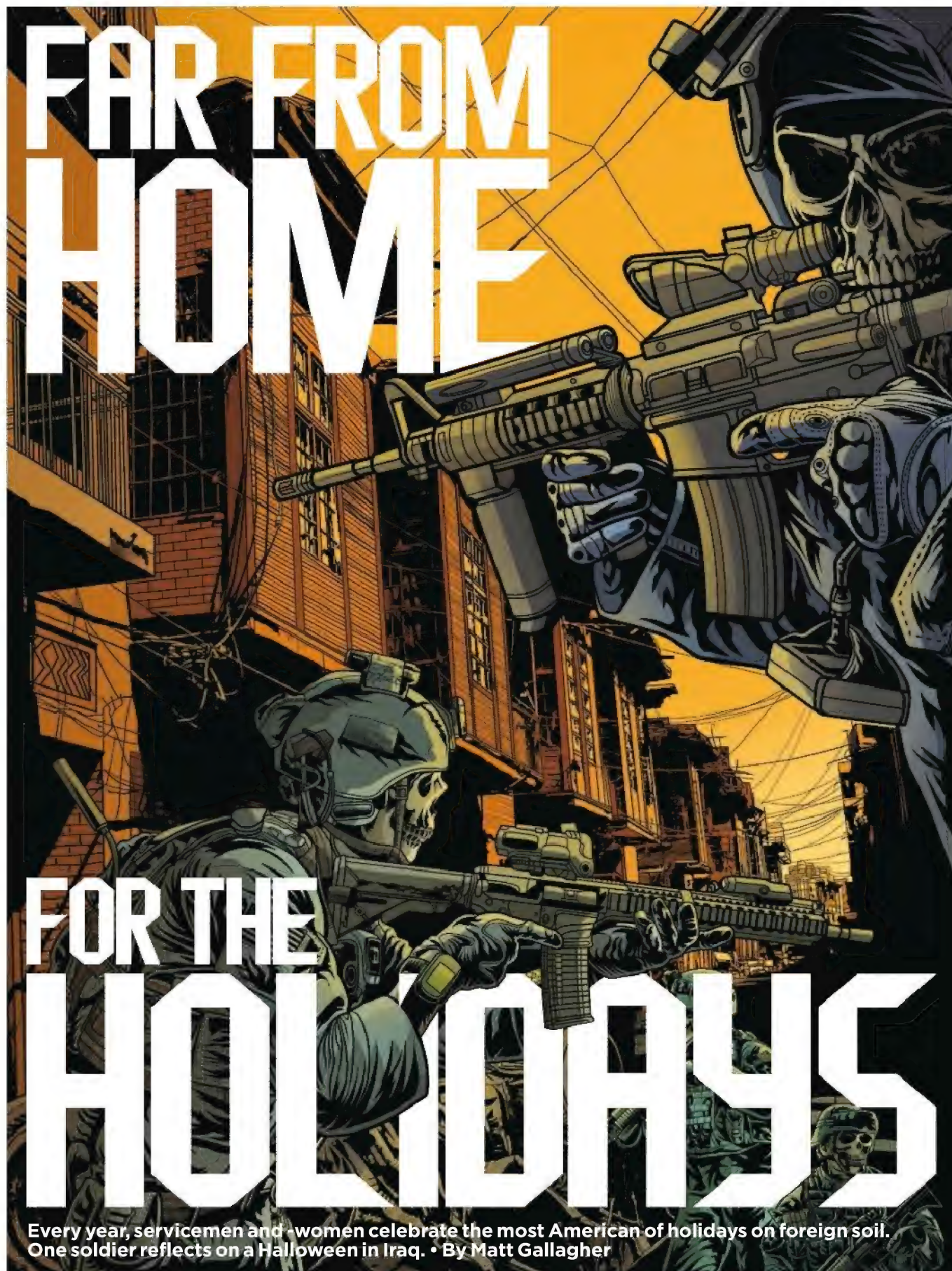


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Every year, servicemen and -women celebrate the most American of holidays on foreign soil. One soldier reflects on a Halloween in Iraq. • By Matt Gallagher



suspect that, like many readers, I recall All Hallows' Eves from years past with a mix of pleasant memories (childhood), warm nostalgia (adolescence), and substance-related cloudiness (college). How did we ever drink so much mud beer, let alone liquor that smelled like herbicide? Where in God's name did we find costumes that turned us into the *Anchorman* news team, or walking sperm, aka the Fallopian Swim Team?

And why did we think a headache that went away after a couple of Tylenols the next morning was even close to worthy of being called a hangover?

Oh, youth. You slippery, half-cracked, ghostly motherfucker. Never change.

I've also been chewing over a Halloween from my days in Iraq—a night, actually, circa 2008. It's a pretty good microcosm of the American

We've spent much of the late summer and early fall trying (and failing) to track down a couple of Shi'a insurgents: Ali the Beard (who has a great, full beard) and his younger half-brother Abbas the Beard (who has a lackluster, patchy beard, and is very likely cross-eyed). By all reports, come October, both Beards are deep in the insurgent haven of Sadr City and not coming north again. Halloween evening, though, a tip comes in from a local: Abbas is back in town, visiting his (purported!) baby mama. One of the infantry platoons hastily departs the unit's Halloween party still wearing their skeleton masks and rainbow clown wigs to conduct the raid. The target house is as empty as the night, but next door, the grunts find a man matching Abbas's physical description with two other bros. The commander gives the go-ahead to bring them all in for "tactical questioning," which means we have 24 hours to decide whether to officially detain them or not.

(This all sounds like beat-police shit, doesn't it? Other than the roadside bombs and Saddam-era tanks and stuff, most of it was. Counterinsurgency has been termed "armed humanitarianism" by some

rocking its Halloween garb—drives the men back home with *muchas* apologies and a U.S. Army gift bag of energy drinks, nutrition bars, and chewing tobacco. On their way out of the lounge, one of the Iraqis, now sans blindfold, smiles and begins humming the ubiquitous *SportsCenter* jingle, to laughter and then some lighthearted boos.

The surreality of it all defies reason, even in memory. I sort of hope now he really was Abbas the Beard and got away, because a war story that twisted deserves a clean ending.

At the time, it was just another mission gone slightly awry, more inconvenience than tragic mistake, which frankly was a victory in and of itself in that environment. No plan survives first contact, goes the old maxim. Looking back on it some seven years later, Halloween with the Beard's beard takes on a more representative feel. If Mao Tse-tung was right, and the guerrilla moves among the people as a fish swims in the sea, the counterinsurgent's purpose is to drain that sea without hurting the citizen fish while still finding the guerrilla fish. (Once that analogy got going, I had to see it through. Thanks for staying with me.)

Considering we were mostly kids who'd joined up after 9/11 to seek out American vengeance but then ended up in Babylon pushing back a brewing civil war, we did all right.

counterinsurgency experience in the Levant, I think, and funny, too, in that dark, "Oops, we detained the wrong dudes thinking they were Jaish al-Mahdi insurgents" kind of way.

Cue the "No shit, there we were" voice....

We're 11 months into a 15-month tour. Long enough in the Suck to be comfortable with it, but not quite close enough to the end to be counting down on a calendar. I've recently been promoted to captain and switched over to an infantry unit on the east side of the Tigris River. I'm still stationed at a combat outpost (as opposed to the large, safer forward operating base), but mostly doing desk work, instead of leading my now-former scout platoon. I miss the thrills of the line, but am keenly aware that my chances of making it through the deployment with all fingers, toes, and testicles have greatly increased. Reconciling with one's own mortality is part of every war, and ours has proven no different.

conflict scholars, which is somehow both a blatant contradiction and fundamentally sound.)

The three young men are brought in, still wearing their earth-tone Iraqi pajamas, but due to a logistical snafu I won't bore you with, they have no place to wait to be questioned one at a time. No place except the soldiers' lounge, where, still blindfolded and sipping on bottled water, our new friends "watch" *SportsCenter* with the armed soldiers assigned to guard them and unarmed soldiers currently off-duty and chillin' between patrols. Everyone sits there for hours while the intel gurus rotate the Iraqis through questioning once, twice, three times, and Brigade uses facial-recognition software to first confirm Abbas's identity, then more facial-recognition software to recant and confirm Abbas is not actually Abbas, but a doppelgänger who runs a barbershop.

Sometime in the post-midnight black haze, the infantry platoon—still

Maybe we weren't saving Europe from the onslaught of fascism like our grandfathers did. But considering we were mostly kids who'd joined up after 9/11 to seek out American vengeance but then ended up in Babylon pushing back a brewing civil war, we did all right. More than all right, actually. I wasn't so earnest about our deployment then; we were too busy for anything like that. I am now, though. I gather most of us are. Time and age and space and distance can have that effect.

So that's my Halloween in Iraq story. Stay classy out there, dear readers, even those of you who like to dress up as the Fallopian Swim Team. And every year, as you're celebrating, be sure to pour one back for the service members worldwide who will be otherwise preoccupied.

And Abbas, if you're out there and reading this, I sincerely hope that you can now grow a real beard. You have a nickname to uphold, my man. ☺

NATURE'S BOUNTY

It's the time of year when we celebrate what we're thankful for ... a task made easy by this photo set of Staci and Catie doing what comes naturally in the great outdoors. We're thankful for beautiful models, open minds, and erotic photographers, not to mention the freedom to publish such sexy images and share them with all of you.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens

















SEE MORE OF STACI & CATIE AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com)



STAND-UP GUYS

DEAD FAMILY GUY

Sean White converts tragedy into comedy on *Dead & Gone*, his debut stand-up CD, out now on AST Records.

Interview by John Bolster



As Sean White tells his audience at the top of the show, there are a few things you need to know to understand his first comedy album: First, during a two-year span, he watched his entire family die (four people in all), and second, in the middle of all that, he got divorced. Though, in his ex-wife's defense, White says he's "pretty sure she didn't know she was leaving in the middle." With this pitch-black, real-life premise established, White spends the next 45 minutes unspooling an entertaining, highly original, and cathartic set of comedy. But as heavy and all-consuming as the process of making *Dead & Gone* was, White is no one-note comic. He also hosts a freewheeling insult-comedy show at Chicago's Laugh Factory; he coproduces a stand-up showcase at the Crocodile Lounge, also in the Windy City; and he's already developing material for his follow-up CD, which will have the equally cheerful title *Angry & Alone*. Check out SeanWhiteComedy.com for more information.

Is it safe to say you're a man who knows his way around the phrase, "If life gives you lemons ..."?

[*Chuckles*] Yeah. Most certainly. But unfortunately, I actually have gastrointestinal-erosion disease, so I can't even enjoy lemons.

How long after all of the tragedy was over did you decide to make a comedy album out of it?

I never made a conscious choice until it had already accidentally fallen out of my face. I was trying to do my normal material, and then I would occasionally just break down and start talking about how I was mad at God and mad at everything else. Then one time I said how I'd been "looking at life in a casket-half-full kinda way," and people laughed. I felt such a relief, being able to be on the same page with them for a second. And then I spent a decent amount of time doing absolutely awful, trying to learn how to do that type of material.

So you were workshoping it—live—to turn it into comedy.

I was too close to the situation to even think of it as comedy. So it wasn't a conscious choice; it was something I did reflexively onstage, and then realized, in hindsight, *Oh, that's actually therapeutic*. I was running an open mike at the time, and I would just try to do dead-family jokes. I literally at one point brought in three printed pages of pros and cons of my family being dead. And just read off the paper. I didn't even try to make them jokes. Not the best way to approach stand-up comedy! But it was an interesting experience to figure out how to go from that to actually getting [the audience] to laugh and stay on board.

What kind of comedy did you do before all this happened, and what will you be doing after—and how has that changed?

Oh, it's changed a lot. Because I have changed, as a human being, a dramatic amount. My comedy before was like, "Oh, man, aren't I a nerd? I remember getting beat up in middle school for wearing a *Star Wars* shirt." One of the jokes I used that people liked was that I had lost more friends than I can count by starting sentences with the phrase, "Well, *actually* ..."

[*Laughs*]

But when I started doing *Dead & Gone*, I threw away my previous five, six years' worth of material. Just started over with this. And the next one is called *Angry & Alone*. It's not necessarily about being angry or alone. It's about anger being a motivational force in our society and how it's okay to be angry sometimes, as long as you focus it.... I'm [now] less interested in talking about myself or complaining about any of the [petty] things that happened to me, and more interested in trying to talk about how society deals with certain things.

You joke that grandparents are like training wheels for death. Did you really hit on that because someone tried to commiserate with you over their grandparent's death?

Yep. And I still get that. Even after I made that joke, people *still* come up to me and say, "You'll understand." And it's always like, *Oh, come on*. I might understand, yeah. But that doesn't mean I care. The problem is, people have this idea that their problems are *special*, and unique. And no one's ever felt 'em before. They completely forget that something like the plague existed, and that two-thirds of the population was wiped out, to the point where everybody had their family dead. You're telling me all of history moved on after that, and I'm supposed to crumble and start hallucinating like in a Lifetime movie? Get


over it. Your problems aren't special. Talk about 'em, get 'em out, but don't hide 'em away, thinking that no one will understand.

There's another comic, Shane Mauss, who's doing an act about breaking both his feet at the same time. You must be scoffing at that—it's child's play, right?

[*Laughs*] Well, it's not competitive, but it's great that he's able to do kind of the same thing that I'm doing—farming so much out of an incident. I think there's a preconception that stand-ups need to have this giant variety of material, when really, you just need something you want to talk about. It doesn't have to be, "Oh, I'm going to do a little bit about politics, a little bit about religion, a little bit about airplanes."

Your website contains a list titled "30 Things I've Learned in 30 Years." Tell me about the first one—"Working harder makes your life easier"—which you discovered in your deceased brother's belongings.

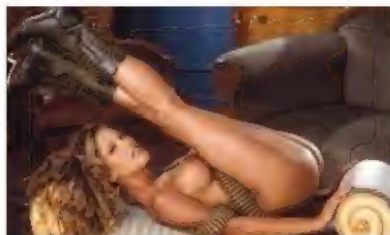
Yeah, that was on a piece of paper I found crumpled up on his desk when I was cleaning out his apartment. First of all, my brother was pretty gross. I was cleaning out his room, and there's a plate of ketchup underneath the bed, and just stuff where you're like, *Come on, man*. But I'm going through his computer, trying to find anything that he might've said—any notes or recent documents. I didn't find anything, except for porn. As I say on the album: He literally had a folder called "Porn." Who does that? Who even downloads, anyway? Stream that! If you're going to die, *stream* porn. Don't download it. The last thing you want is for people's last thought of you to be like, *Oh, he was really into big tits. He was a tit guy*.

But then I found that piece of paper in front of his keyboard that said, "I wish somebody had told me in high school that working harder makes your life easier." And at that time, he was really turning his life around. Right when he realized that kind of thing, and then it's too late. I didn't want that to be the case for me. 



SABRINA MAREE

34 Random Facts About Me That Few People Know



Almost two decades after appearing in *Penthouse* as the June 1993 Pet of the Month, I started writing for the magazine in the hope that one day I could profile my fellow Pets in my very own column. My dream has finally come true!

By Sam Phillips

Sizzling-hot Sabrina Maree is our popular, flame-haired Pet of the Month from December 2010—and one of my really good friends. She's a compact powerhouse at a mighty five feet four inches whose enormous personality eclipses her petite size. Sabrina is funny, smart, sexy, and totally down-to-earth ... and she has the longest tongue I've ever seen! She's my favorite go-to girl when I have a Pet friend come with me to film my *Penthouse* TV segments for our worldwide television channels, our *PenthouseTV.com* website, and our YouTube channel.

This feisty fireball is known for her sultry soft-core glamour shoots and girl-girl performances, but she's also garnered mainstream acclaim as a music-video

vixen, having starred in almost a dozen videos. Sabrina is also the face of *Penthouse* Per4mance Shots, our libido-enhancement supplements, and she had her pussy and ass molded for the exclusive *Penthouse* Pet Collection, distributed by Topco Adult Toys. You can have your way with the Sabrina Maree Vibrating Cyberskin Pet Pussy & Ass; get your own at *PenthouseStore.com*.

Sabrina Maree retired from performing in the adult industry in 2012—except of course for posing naked for *Penthouse*! She still does Skype shows and custom videos for fans, and sells her lingerie and other merchandise through the email address *SabrinaMareeFans@gmail.com*. You can follow her exploits at *Instagram.com/Miss_SabrinaCaitlin*.

1. I did a sport called vaulting, which is gymnastics/dance on the back of a cantering horse; think ballet on horseback. I competed internationally and was a silver medalist.
2. I went to a private Catholic all-girl high school, plaid skirts and all.
3. I have arthritis in my foot from being stepped on by a horse similar in size to a Clydesdale (think the Budweiser horses) while in flip-flops. You'd think I would have learned my lesson, but no. I go see my horse in flip-flops all the time.
4. I still have my childhood horse, an Arabian named Faye. She is too old to ride now, but she enjoys being a pasture ornament. I think I'm ready for a new baby soon! (The horse kind.)
5. I spent a semester studying abroad in London. It's my favorite city in the world.
6. I swam with feeding sharks in Tahiti several times.



11. My best dish is a low-calorie, low-fat chili filled with veggies. I call it my "keep-a-man chili." The seasoning is the secret, and I have told only a few people what's in it.
12. I am slowly going vegetarian. I removed pork from my diet, and I am doing everything else one animal at a time. I figure a slow progression is the best way to make it stick.
13. Despite the perception that industry girls don't have families, I am extremely close to mine. My parents have been married more than 40 years.
14. If I could, I would start every day with a skydive jump and a horseback ride.

7. I love ancestry; we can trace my family back to 1056 AD on one side and 1246 AD on the other, in England, Ireland, and Scotland.
8. I was born with a cataract in my right eye, so my pupil doesn't dilate properly in natural light and my vision can't be corrected in that eye. That's why it's very rare to see me do a shoot outdoors.
9. While I hate watching most sports (except the Sacramento Kings!), I love bull riding. Nothing is tougher than an eight-second ride.
10. I love to cook, but I'm such a perfectionist that I have been known to throw my hands in the air and walk away from the dish if I can't get it exactly how I want it.




15. I really think there's something to the whole "ancient aliens" theory.
16. I spend stupid amounts of time playing *Candy Crush*. I'm waiting for new levels now, so I go back and replay the levels I've already passed for higher scores. I need CCA (*Candy Crush Anonymous*).
17. I'm really into the Myers-Briggs personality test, having been a psychology major, and have been known to make just about anyone I hang out with take it. I'm an INFJ, the most rare of all personality types.
18. I couldn't care less about Louboutin shoes (I mean, if you want to send me some, I won't complain), designer handbags, and other flashy material stuff. I drive a Toyota. I prefer Keds or flip-flops, T-shirts, jeans, and wearing no makeup. I am the girl next door.
19. No makeup except my eyebrows, that is. Eyebrows are the frames to your face, and are rarely given enough credit.
20. I've had the girl version of wet dreams. I've woken myself up having an orgasm, and I wasn't even touching myself.
21. I have a tiny, itty-bitsy little temper. It's an Irish thing.
22. My deep, loyal, and abiding love for Nickelback will never end, and if you want to talk any smack, read that last fact again! When their tour was canceled in June, before I went to see them, due to [singer] Chad [Kroeger] needing surgery on his vocal cords, I literally went through the five stages of grieving. I cried until my boyfriend agreed to take me to Europe for that leg of the tour, so maybe that didn't turn out all bad.
23. Musicians used to be my Kryptonite, and after I was made a Pet there was a plethora of options. (Thank you, *Penthouse*!) But after experience and careful consideration, I think they are best left outstage.
24. My favorite days of work are music videos, especially the more artistic ones. Most recently was "Modern Drugs" by Strung Out, which premiered at the House of Blues on Sunset Boulevard.





25. I am a volunteer at a local animal shelter. Pets are forever, not until you move somewhere that doesn't allow pets, or have a baby, or get a significant other who doesn't like pets. If you can't make that commitment, don't get a pet.
26. Elder abuse is another cause very close to my heart, and my former college, the University of California at Irvine, has an amazing program aimed at eliminating elder abuse and neglect.
27. My favorite holiday is Thanksgiving, because it's the family getting together, eating good food, talking, and having a good time, but it doesn't have the complications of Christmas.
28. I think we should get rid of gift-giving at Christmas, except for children.
29. I have a Maltese named Pearl Darcy. Darcy is from one of my favorite books, *Pride and Prejudice*.
30. My boyfriend owns and operates SpeedWeed, one of the largest marijuana collectives in the nation. SpeedWeed is delivery only, and many A-list celebrities are among his patients.
31. I failed the driving portion of my driver's test not one ... not two ... but four times. Fifth time was the charm.
32. I moved to New Zealand in 2011 to be with my boyfriend at the time. I knew he was successful and well-known there, but I had no idea what I was in for. Walking down the street to get my nails done, I found a massive picture of myself on the cover of a tabloid called *Truth Weekender* with a headline that read "Kiwi Playboy's Porn Star Lover." That was really only the beginning.
33. I retired from performing in the adult industry three years ago, for many reasons. The only place you will ever see me naked again is in *Penthouse*, and I'm available to them as long as I look good naked!
34. I love *The Nanny* and *The Golden Girls*. I have seen every episode a million times, and I still watch one of the two every night before I go to bed. ☺



CAPRICE

BACK IN BLACK

Caprice's first appearance in *Penthouse* was in November 2013, when, in addition to showcasing her in a ten-page pictorial, we selected the "hot teen" porn star as one of the adult industry's Dirty Dozen performers. This time, she inspired us to wax poetic.

Photographs by Emmanuel Fouquet





"Treasure,
that is what
you are/
Honey, you're
my golden
star/
You know
you can make
my wish
come true/
If you let me
treasure you."
—Bruno Mars





"There's a
little bit of
devil in her
angel eyes/
She's a
little bit of
heaven with a
wild side/
Got a rebel
heart a country
mile wide/
There's a little
bit of devil
in her angel
eyes." —
Love and Theft





“Been around
the world,
don’t speak
the language /
But your booty
don’t need
explaining /
All I really need
to understand
is /When
you talk dirty
to me.”

— *Jason Derulo*







"Well, you done done me and you bet I felt it/
I tried to be chill, but you're so hot that I melted." — *Jason Mraz*

SEE MORE OF CAPRICE AT **PENTHOUSE.COM**.

LIVING LIFE ON TOP

LIQUID SEX





Penthouse Spirits has been getting mad props for our innovative Libido Libations, a duo of cherry vodkas flavored with natural “aphrodisiac” herbs. What can we say? We know a thing or two about arousal.

We've got something that will *really* spice up your holidays. Penthouse

Spirits—the luxury liquor brand known for its premium vodka, Canadian whisky, and whiskey-tequila fusion—has released a libido-boosting pair of vodkas that will take your game to the next level. (Step aside, funky cold Medina.)

We're not just talking about the swagger that comes after a few strong shots. Libido Libations drop some science on the average Martini with an infusion of well-known aphrodisiacs. To start, cherries are loaded with libido-boosting properties, making them the perfect match for our premium, craft-distilled vodka. (It's 69 proof, of course.) Then we added a mix of safe, effective, high-quality herbs to shift your desire into overdrive. Best of all, we created two distinct formulas: one for you

and one for her.

Thanks to their smooth cherry flavor, you can enjoy Libido Libations as a shot, mix them into soda, or add them to your favorite cocktail. They're the perfect aperitif for an afternoon delight or a sexy night on the town. And it's no surprise that the groundbreaking elixirs have caused a stir. We've been seeing shout-outs all over the country: Paul Steffen, the owner of Steffen Brothers Outdoor Expeditions, made the rounds for the Walleye fishing tournaments this year with his brand-new boat wrapped in a design inspired by our bottles. Our cherry vodkas were also featured at the Broken Spoke Saloon during this summer's Sturgis Bike Rally. And if you tune in to our LiveCams event every Thursday at Cams.com/camsexclusive and tip \$10, the girls will do a shot of Libido Libations—and give you an eyeful to show their appreciation.

Libido Libations even inspired a sexy Twitter challenge, with



gorgeous girls—led by our 2015 Pet of the Year Layla Sin—showing off their #oralskillz by attempting to tie a knot in a cherry stem with their tongue in ten seconds or less. Plus, we got the ultimate stamp of approval at the prestigious International Wine & Spirits Competition, where our cherry vodka was awarded a Silver Outstanding Medal for exceptional taste and a Bronze Medal for its sleek packaging.

Those accolades were just icing on an already sweet cake. As your trusty resource for sexual satisfaction, we're stoked to be the pioneers in the next level of liquid courage. After all, if anyone is going to add a sensual twist to spirits, it should be us, right?

For more information on where to buy Libido Libations, as well as our premium vodka, whisky, and whiskey-tequila fusion, visit PenthouseSpirits.com.

These recipes were created by Hassett Gravois of Mixology Connoisseur for a VIP party in Cannes, France, celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Penthouse brand.


SEX APPEAL

- 3 ounces Libido Libations Cherry Vodka Fashioned for Her
- 3 ounces orange juice
- 3 ounces cranberry juice

Combine over ice in a collins glass and stir.

PANTY DROPPER

- 2 ounces Libido Libations Cherry Vodka Crafted for Him
- 2 ounces sweet-and-sour mix
- 1/2 ounce grenadine

Fill half a highball glass with ice; add vodka, sweet-and-sour mix, and grenadine. Stir. Garnish with a maraschino cherry. 



POSITIONS DESIRED

Bunny Tales

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IVY MAE

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PROFILE

Age: 24
Height: 5'1"
Bra size: 32B
Home state: Nevada

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Time at the Ranch: One year

"I'd been working as an exotic dancer in Las Vegas when I decided I needed a change, and a friend suggested I try out the Bunny Ranch. It sounded like a good way to make good money while enjoying great sex, so three days later I was on my way to the Ranch.

"I enjoy being able to run around naked with just a nice pair of heels on. But really, I love all the memories that I get to make at the Ranch, and all the new people I get to meet. I've had some really awesome clients, and all the other ladies are great, too."

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

"Working at the Ranch has opened my eyes to the many different sexual sensations, passions, and intensities that can be expressed, and it's added a positive and erotic essence to both my personal and professional sex life."

SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES

"A specialty of mine is giving blowjobs. I have a few secret techniques I use to make each and every blowjob one of a kind. My mouth can really work wonders!"

"I like to give massages—as well as receive them. I'm a hands-on type of woman. Lately, I've gotten into the Japanese-style massage called Nuru. It's a sensual massage that requires full-body contact between you and your partner. It is a really hot, sexy way to release tension."

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"I had a client come in who was on a random road trip with his friend, and they decided to make the Ranch their first stop. It was about 10 A.M. when he came in, and he chose me out of the lineup. It was his first time at a brothel, so we went all-out. We started in the peep-show room with champagne and a few sex toys, and he got so turned-on that we ended up having hot, animal sex on my bed, on the bathroom counter, on my floor, and in the shower. After a break to go to the bar, we were back at it, and he got the total Porn-Star Experience. He ended up partying with me four times that trip!"

"One experience that stands out is when a client wanted some special bondage roleplay. I was his dominant mistress, and he was my submissive. He was completely at my mercy. I had him restrained on my bed, and teased him until he was screaming, begging me not to stop."

TEACHING OVERVIEW

"It's important to realize that everyone has different sexual desires, and that doesn't make anyone weird or strange. There's a fetish for almost everything, and just because someone wants something a little eccentric doesn't mean they're not normal. Whether your partner enjoys head-shaving, voyeurism, or ball-bashing, it's totally normal. And you never know, you just may enjoy those strange kinks, too." ❦



"The most important thing you can do is communicate with your partner. Sex is so much better when you're both relaxed and comfortable. You'll both experience so much more pleasure."



THE SEX FAIRY

Most of us consider a handjob something we outgrew the minute we graduated to blowjobs and intercourse. One cougar porn star proves it's time to rethink one of the safest forms of sex there is.

By Arnie Rabb

The handjob gets no respect. It's the Dodge Dart of sex acts, a series of motions that produces an orgasm without either party enjoying it all that much. They can be painful, impersonal, the quickest of quickies. Men get handjobs all the time, women (and men) dispense them, but no one brags about them. That's why, when a female acquaintance who works in the porn industry boasted about knowing the actress who "gives the best handjobs in the business," I had to laugh. It may be the "best," but it's still a handjob. How good could it be?

Then she mentioned that the actress in question is Nina Hartley, a 56-year-old, award-winning porn veteran who's pretty much done it all—and still does. She dominated notorious bad girl Belladonna; starred in her own how-to video, *Nina Hartley's Guide to Anal Sex*; and thoroughly enjoys her open marriage. Porn star Lexington Steele has said that sex with Hartley was the best he's ever had. If anyone could remove the stigma surrounding a handjob, it would be her.

I take the bait and wonder what Hartley's secret is. "Nina knows what she is doing," says my porn acquaintance. "She knows exactly how to pressure certain spots, where to rub, how hard, how soft—all of it. She gave my boyfriend a handjob, and it was incredible. I had never seen him spurt like that. I can put you in touch with her if you like."

That's how I find myself sitting across from Hartley in a hotel room in downtown Los Angeles. She wears black leggings, black boots, red-framed glasses, and a button-down shirt. She's the quintessential lusty lady next door that every young man ought to know. She takes in the room and asks, "Is it warm enough here? You'll need to be comfortable with

your pants off."

I hop up to adjust the thermostat and can't help but notice a small Dopp kit set down in front of Hartley. She'll soon open it to reveal what she calls "my handjob kit." Contained inside: black latex gloves, two kinds of lubricant (water-based and silicone-based), and a clutch of hand wipes.

Pants still on, I can't help but wonder aloud why she bothered getting into elevating a form of sex that most people think of as, well, not quite sex. "I'd like to change the dialogue of handjobs," Hartley replies. "A handjob will hopefully result in an orgasm for the man. That automatically makes it sex. It allows me to enjoy sex without worrying about condoms, babies, diseases. It's also a kindness

to my partner. It allows me to be the sex fairy. I can give handjobs all night and embody the whore with the heart of gold. I like to be sexually generous and pitch in. One night, with a group, I was fluffer, lube jockey, condom retriever, and cunt washer—and it was awesome. I'll even hold your hat and coat if you need me to."

Hartley adds, "People want sex to be spontaneous. I build a playground where you can be spontaneous, but no one is going to run out and get hit by a car."

Hartley explains that handjobs serve as the perfect introduction to a man and his penis: "Before getting my vulva involved, handjobs allow me to see how my partner receives pleasure, how the energy exchange is, whether it's a tango or a waltz. I'd much rather give a handjob than get bad dick. I know that if I'm in charge, it will be a good time for both parties. I've given hour-long handjobs. I don't think of it as a prelude to sex. *It is the sex.*"

And what makes a Nina Hartley handjob so good? She smiles and replies, "I'm the Vladimir Horowitz of dick."

She's not wrong. After I get naked, she takes off her shirt and slips on her gloves, then presses up against me and opens with what she calls the "taco hold"—that is, her hand behind my balls, cupping my taint (that no-man's-land between scrotum and rectum). She finds a sweet spot in there that I didn't know I had and presses lightly while softly suggesting that I Kegel (aka tighten my pelvic muscles) when she releases pressure.

"You coax an erection; you don't force it," she tells me. "Most women feel that just them being there is enough. But the penis has to know it's wanted, not just required. Porn and popular culture have colluded to make you think the penis comes out of the pants and will fuck anything. But men require some emotional connection."

She says this while undertaking what she calls the "zipper pull": While continuing the taco hold with one hand, she initiates a pressing-and-sliding motion with the other, going from the base to the head of my penis.

We make our way to the bed. I lie on my back, and she straddles my thighs, now stroking slowly, rhythmically handling my balls, leaning forward so I have access to her breasts. She says I can slip my hand inside her bra. I do so, squeeze her nipples ten-

The Handjob Queen
in December 2012



tatively, and compliment her on how her breasts feel. She says, "They were worth every dollar."

There's a bit more chatting as she continues the slow rub, while I slip in and out of what she calls "the little time bubble." She tests what I like in terms of touch beyond the penis, probing and playing with fear by placing a hand on my neck, slipping a finger near my asshole, always sensing what will seem like too much and pulling back at just the right moment.

Hartley's handjob proves revelatory. It's incredibly pleasurable and way sexier than I had previously thought possible. More than a happy ending, it's a happy experience that makes me rethink what the act is all about. Rather than being throwaway sex, this is about connecting and having fun in a manner that full-on intercourse just isn't. It's like intentionally forgoing the superserious main course for a couple of fun, umami-laced appetizers, knowing that you'll be enjoying every bite. By applying focus, technique, and a good attitude, she takes the beleaguered handjob way beyond its consolation-prize status.

This experience is enough to make me both forget the scene from *House of Lies* in which Doug's penis gets manually jackhammered and to consider enhancements that can elevate all forms of sex. After all, if Hartley can bedazzle a handjob so successfully, what can we do to notch-up full-on intercourse?

After 25 to 30 minutes, Hartley climbs off me, lies alongside me, puts her face close to mine, averts her eyes to provide privacy for my impending O-face, and slowly increases the stroke speed. She asks if I like a fast or slow finish. I tell her that I like it slow. But truthfully, we're already nearing the point of no return. She stretches out the completion a bit, and I'm left with chills running through my body.

I lie there for a moment, coming down from her digital tour de force, before feeling a little awkward and not sure of the appropriate cleanup protocol. Almost on cue, Hartley swoops in with hand wipes, then origamis the wipes and gloves into a neat, inside-out package that remains completely dry on the exterior.

"That was amazing," I tell her. "I'm on another planet right now."

"I'm a professional," she replies. Then Nina Hartley gets dressed, hugs me good-bye, and heads out into the L.A. dusk. The sex fairy has left the building. ☪

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH



MOVED TO TEARS

I started seeing a guy recently, and the first time we had sex, he got choked up and teary afterward. I asked him what was wrong, and he said nothing; that it just happens sometimes. I thought it was funny and sort of cute, but it makes me wonder if he'd had some sexual trauma in his past, or if it's a symptom of some deeper emotional issue.

The first time I had a massage (a *real* one, not the happy-ending kind), the massage therapist told me not to be surprised or embarrassed if I started to cry. I was like, Okay, sure—why? Many people, he said, “store” emotions in their bodies in the form of muscular tension. Put another way, they tense up muscles in certain areas—typically in the back, shoulders, and neck, or the groin and buttocks region—as a defense against feeling difficult emotions. These muscles become chronically tense, which causes discomfort and leads the person to a massage therapist. When the massage therapist works on those muscles and breaks up the tension—*whoosh!* The emotions come flooding out, and weeping, sobbing, or even

screaming can't be helped.

At first I thought that sounded hokey; I didn't cry. I felt sleepy and relaxed. But after hearing the same thing from many different massage therapists, I accepted that it must happen to some people.

Crying after sex seems like the same thing. An orgasm is a physical release of tension and a momentary loss of self-control. People put a lot of effort into controlling their emotions. By the time we're adults, we've been doing it constantly and for so long that we forget it takes effort not to cry every time we feel any emotion, like we did when we were little kids. (If you haven't seen the blog “Reasons My Son Is Crying,” look it up.)

In the throes of sexual ecstasy,

many people let go of or lose control over how they express what they're feeling. Crying tears is really no different from other things people do when they orgasm, like moaning, grunting, and making weird faces.

I should also point out that tears don't always express sadness and pain. Tears of joy are probably equally common, if not more so. I would say that men in particular are much less likely to weep because they're upset than they are to be moved to tears by strong feelings of sympathy, gratitude, and admiration.

You may have noticed that there are always a few men in a crowd who seem to have gotten something in their eye by the end of “The Star Spangled Banner.” I would guess some of the same feelings stirred up by the national anthem could be behind tears after sex. I wouldn't take it as a sign of distress, but rather that he was really impressed. Or it might have had nothing to do with you or with sex. He might have just had a cry in there that came out when he blew his wad.



TAKE A BREAK

One of my friends confided to me that he has stopped masturbating and stopped watching porn because it was spoiling his sex life. He says he was losing interest in having sex for real, and having trouble getting erections a lot of the time without his favorite porn. He decided to stop masturbating to porn when he found the “NoFap” group online. Apparently thousands of guys have joined NoFap, and they say quitting masturbation and porn has majorly improved their sexual performance and other aspects of their lives. Even if you don’t believe in porn “addiction,” are there any real benefits to taking a break from masturbating to porn if you do it regularly?

NoFap is interesting because it’s a grassroots self-improvement movement that advocates abstinence from masturbation and porn, but encourages partnered sex and eroticism, and doesn’t involve God or church. It also has been getting a lot of attention because Gen Xers love to tell stories about how twisted and weird the millennial generation is because of the internet.

The NoFap program claims that unlimited access to an unlimited variety of pornography has warped


and stunted many people’s sexuality. Speaking mainly to young straight men, it says that you’ll be happier, healthier, stronger, smarter, and better if you unplug from internet porn and focus on getting laid instead.

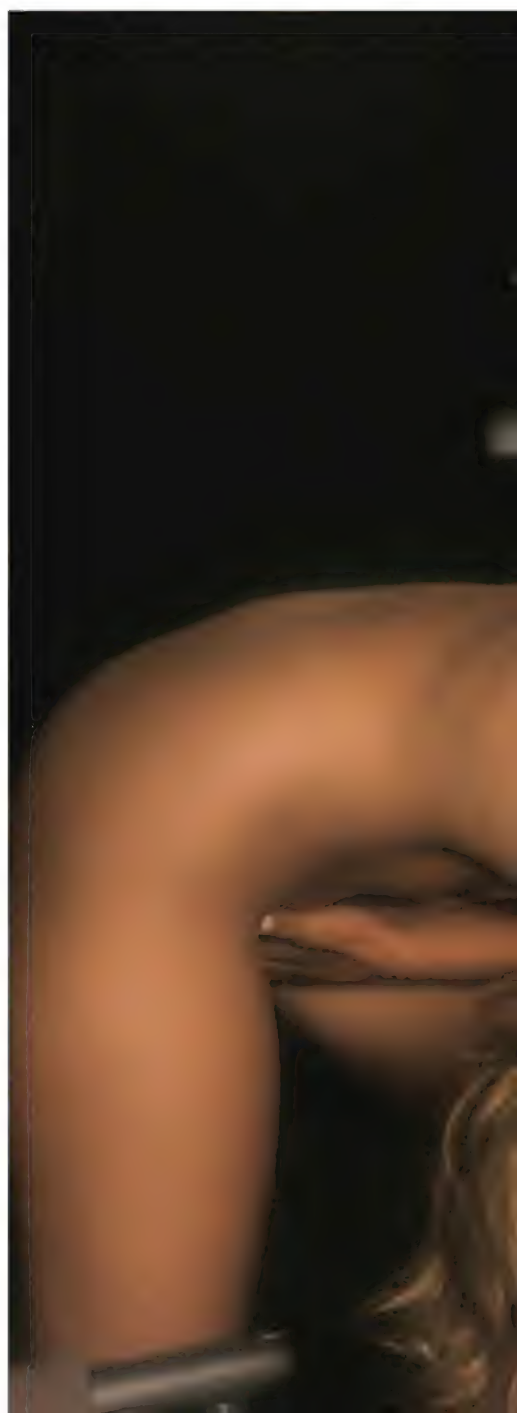
There’s nothing new going on here. In every age in history there have been guys who sit around jerking off all the time and feeling bad about it. Then they decide if they stop jerking off they’ll be more motivated to get off their asses, make themselves into better men, and get laid. Not surpris-

ingly, it often works. It’s not actually that hard to get laid when you’re trying. And it’s not unusual to do more and become more successful at things once you commit to putting in the time and effort.

It’s a simple, enduring truth that it’s possible to have too much of a good thing. Masturbating to porn is a pleasure. But if that’s all you ever want to do, or spend your time doing, you’ll be missing out on lots of other good things. Pleasurable indulgences can also turn into habits, which can turn into compulsions, which end up harming you in various ways.

So, yes, I would say that it could be good to take a break from online porn if you think you’re getting compulsive about it, or just to remind yourself what it was like to live in a world where porn wasn’t available on demand. Fantasize about sex. Have sex. Get turned-on by things that you might have forgotten about, besides images on a screen. Try looking at pictures in a magazine. How about that?

It’s cool. I actually dig the idea. 



THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR

Our series of retrospective pictorials continues with a tale of sexual healing from August 1996.

David and Tippy were having problems. After just a few months of marriage, the honeymoon was definitely over. It had gotten to the point where the only place they could communicate was between the sheets, and even that had started to lose its luster. David suggested counseling. Tippy's friends at her health club had recommended a therapist who had unconventional methods. Her name was Lynn. "So your sex life has lost its zip?"

Lynn asked, eyeing Tippy's curvaceous figure.

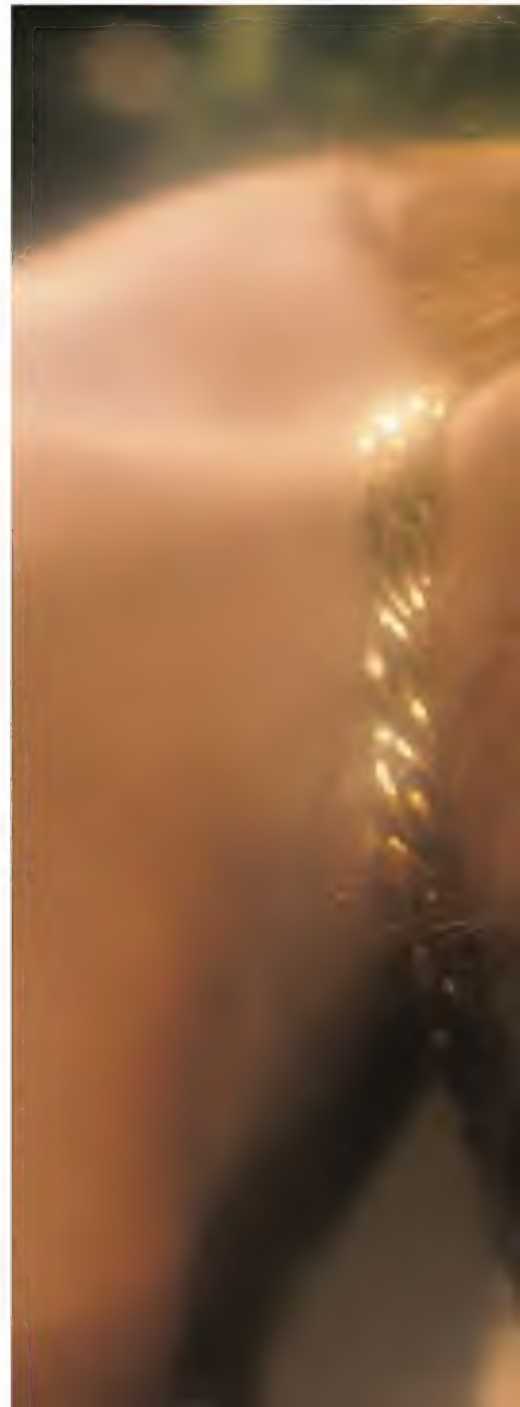
Photographs by Earl Miller



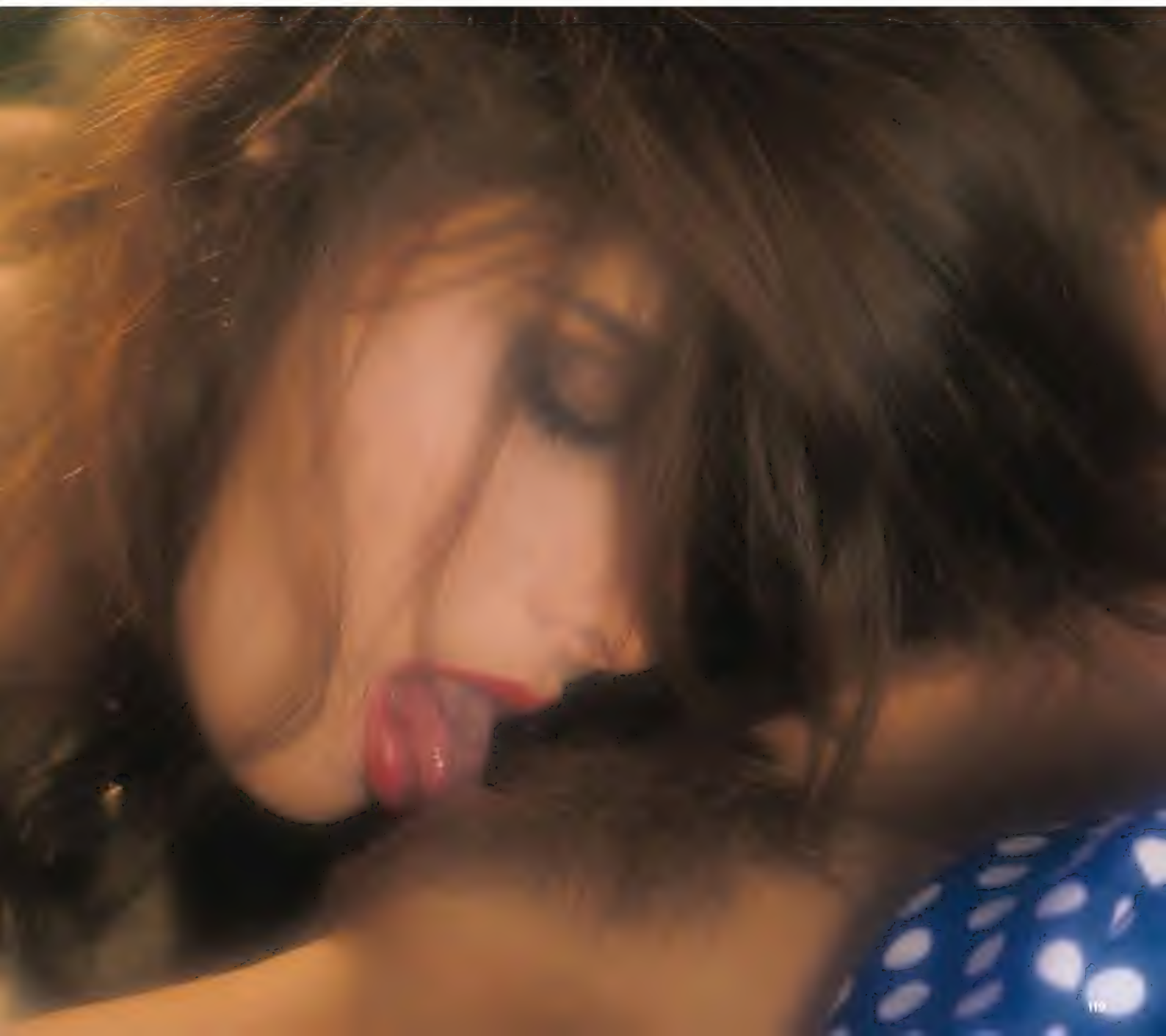


“Have you considered adding a third partner?” David’s response was a tent growing in his trousers. Tippy blushed, and then began to feel an instant wetness. Lynn took over, undressing them both.





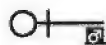
“Oh, I’ve never come like this before,” Tippy exulted, feeling Lynn’s tongue flutter against her burning pussy.
David didn’t take that as an insult, because he had never been so hard in his life.







Satisfied as she had never been before, Tippy broke up with David and accepted Lynn's invitation to move in with her. David decided to become a marriage counselor himself and try to apply Lynn's technique to his own patients.



Professional Care

Antonio is a handsome, well-built individual, and there's always been a kinetic attraction between us. Usually when we see each other at work or at our monthly professional meetings, we tend to avoid each other. It's as if we both sense the attraction, but are afraid where it might lead. He always dresses well, even on casual Fridays, with his well-muscled body obvious in his well-tailored clothes, and his attitude is that of a man who, once he wants something, goes after it with gusto.

At last month's meeting, we finally talked to each other. I couldn't get over his deep, sexy baritone and bronze-colored skin. As we were leaving, he said we should plan to spend some time together after the next meeting. All month long, I've been thinking of him and looking forward to spending time with him. But I wondered exactly what he'd had in mind.

This morning, he sat next to me at the meeting and stayed with me to chat during the breaks. After the meeting, several of us went for drinks nearby. The club was nice and had a Latin rhythm band, and Antonio and I danced, laughed, and talked for hours. He told me he'd always been attracted to me.

During our next dance, he told me he was dying to make love to me and asked me to remove my panties before the next number. The challenge aroused my curiosity and made me laugh, wondering what we would do on the dance floor. Antonio kept his hands above my waist, though. But after several more dances, my juices were flowing freely and I couldn't wait to go further.

Finally, Antonio asked me back to his place for a drink. His condo was beautiful, with an excellent view of the city. He got us some wine, turned on some soft music, and led me to the balcony. The night air was cool and the moon was full. He asked me to prove that I'd removed my panties, and when I took them from my small purse and handed them to him, he let them float from the 15th floor to the street below. I giggled when he said he hoped they weren't my favorites.

He pulled me tight into his arms, caressing and kissing me as he whispered in Spanish that he needed me. I melted in his strong grasp. The lights were low as he led me to the



bedroom off the balcony. When we reached the edge of the bed, he let my dress fall to the floor, leaving me on fire in just my lace bra. He removed that and gently pushed me back on the bed.

Antonio entered my aching desire slowly, taking his time and drawing out my pleasure. He groaned loudly and reached deep, again and again, over and over. I was lost, absorbed in pleasure. I finally detonated around him, screaming loudly as my

orgasm ripped me apart, scorching through me like wildfire, consuming everything.

I finally realized he was talking to me, suggesting we get some air. He handed me a large shirt to put on as we went out on the balcony, the cool night air soothing my searing skin. "Look at the apartments with their lights still on," he said. "They may be watching us as we watch them." He pulled me tight, his erect organ strong against my belly. "Show them how satisfied you are." He turned me around so I was leaning forward on the balcony. Trembling with anticipation, my hands firm on the rail, my breasts hanging down, I instinctively spread my legs for him. He thrust in deeply, forcefully. I came almost instantly, forcefully moving my hips as I built up again and climaxed anew, calling out for anyone to hear. I felt so incredibly powerful and sexy, with him still plunging into me hard and determinedly, grabbing my hips to pull me tight against him as he exploded within me.

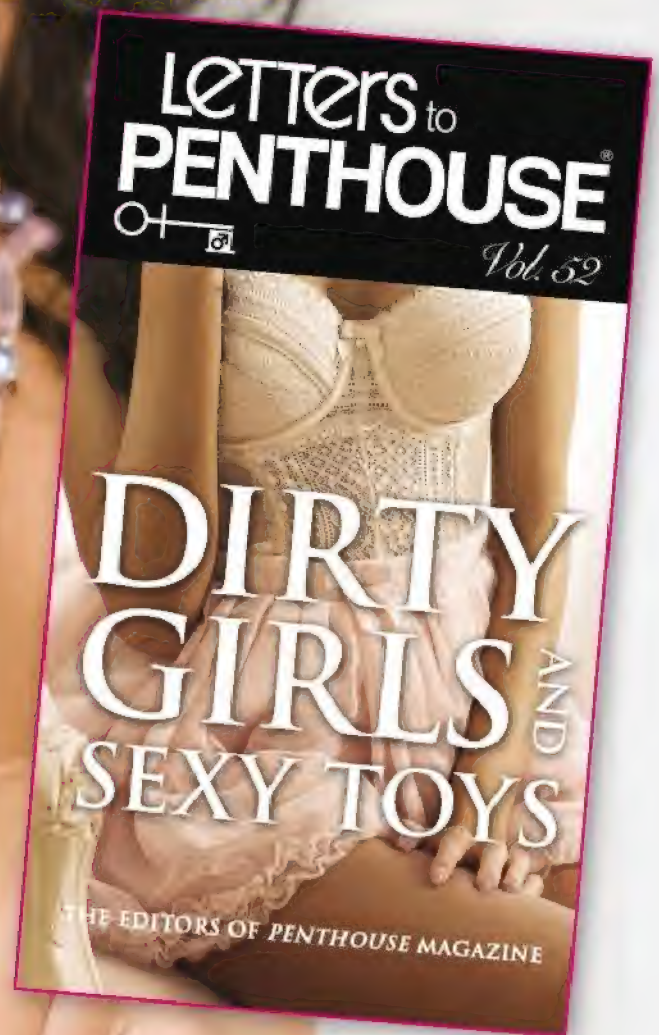
He praised my performance as we went back to the bed, where he told me I needed to be an animal for him. Raising me on all fours, he took me from behind again, driving into me wildly and deliciously violently. I began to plunge back against him, filling myself again and again, and realized he was letting me take control. This was what I needed! I felt him hard and full within me and took him at my pace, at my speed, crying

He let my dress fall to the floor. Antonio entered my aching desire slowly, drawing out my pleasure. He reached deep, over and over.

out as we both peaked once more.

The rest of the night, Antonio was so slow, so sweet, so tender. Curling my arms around his neck, I twisted my fingers in his hair, his body pressing against me as I passed out with exhaustion. In the morning, as I left, I noticed my lace panties in the bushes—next to another pair. I was surprised by how much that didn't bother me, instead looking forward to next month's meeting.—S.K., Texas

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Reigniting an Old Flame

While I was home for spring break, my friend Mia texted me, suggesting we hang out at the local bar. I replaced my sweats with a pair of ass-hugging jeans and a low-cut shirt, applied some makeup, and fixed up my hair. I picked up Mia on the way to the bar. She was giddy because this guy she was crushing on was going to be there tonight.

We stood by the bar, ordered a couple of beers, and waited for Darren to show up. He walked in as we were finishing up our drinks. As he ordered another round for the three of us, I saw my high school sweetheart. Brad had popped my cherry, but then I broke his heart. He had always been gorgeous, but now he was hotter than ever. He looked more chiseled, mature, and muscular. I couldn't keep my eyes off him. My mind raced through the countless times we had gotten it on, our naked, sweaty bodies smashing together. Brad always knew how to get me off, and no other man has been so in sync with my body.

"So, Aliza, you're not going to talk to me?" Brad whispered in my ear.

"Sorry," I said, biting my lower lip.

"Sorry for shattering my heart? Or sorry for looking so gorgeous?" he asked. I playfully nudged him, and that's when I felt the heat. There was no doubt in my mind that the spark between us was still there.

He brought my hand to his mouth and brushed his lips on my knuckles, proving he still had the power to make

me cream my panties.

"How have you been?" I asked with a husky undertone.

"Lonely." He reached for me, clasping his arm around my waist.

"Me, too," I said, leaning into him.

As we talked and flirted, I struggled to remember why I had broken up with him, finally reminding myself I'd been afraid he—or the long-distance relationship—would be a distraction, my grades would slip, and I'd lose my academic scholarship. At this moment, though, I could give a shit if I flunked out. I just wanted to be wrapped up in his embrace with his magical wand inside me. My desire intensified when he stole a passionate kiss. The way he ran his tongue against mine and moaned in delight made me want to get naked on the bar stool. This girl was on fire!

"Let's get out of here," Brad said, catching my vibe.

"I can't leave Mia. Plus, I drove," I answered, regretfully.

"Why don't you drive Mia home, then come by my place?"

"Let me see if I can pry Mia off Darren first," I said. She was pissed when I told her I wanted to leave, but then Darren said he'd drive her home. We were both set for the night.

I followed Brad to his house. He's a couple of years older than I am, and he's starting up his own construction business. He's been living on his own since he graduated high school. He led me into the house, which was the quintessential young-guy bachelor pad. A dartboard hung above his fireplace. His red leather couch and his bottle-cap artwork lacked

Brad's tongue probed every sensitive spot. I pushed his face deeper into my love hole until my entire body shook in delight.

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elegance. But his king-size bed looked delectable. I climbed on top of the posh bed as Brad tore off his shirt. I caressed his shoulders and strong arms, and traced kisses on his chest up to his neck, then down to his treasure trail.

"Aliza, you know that gets me rock-hard," Brad groaned.

"That's how I want you," I said, flinging off my shirt and bra. He captured my stiff nip in his mouth, titillating my insides. I slipped off my tight-ass jeans and creamed panties. He redirected his kisses down south, making me quiver in anticipation. Brad's tongue lapped up my juices and probed every sensitive spot. I pushed his face deeper into my love hole until my entire body shook in delight.

Once I regained my composure, Brad whipped out his huge shaft, a naughty look on his face. He leaned his hot body over mine and drove his dick deep into me. Our bodies grinded, pumped, and swayed in a rapid wild rhythm. Why hadn't I realized how much I missed this? Each thrust was sending me closer to the edge again.

After I climaxed again, Brad thrust even harder and said, "Aliza, I'm going to explode!"

"Come inside me," I whispered. He closed his eyes and unloaded.—*A.T., Maryland*

Seven Girls in Seven Days

I've never been a relationship kind of guy, and in college I was known as a player. That mind-set has stuck with me into my thirties. It's not that I don't appreciate women. In fact, I can't get enough of them. Some of my buddies kid around that I'm a sex addict, but I'm more surprised by their lame-ass, settled-down lives. I say it's too bad that they could never make my wild ways work for them.

My buddies convinced me to attempt to re-create a bet from our senior year of college: sex with a different chick every day for a week. Back then, I didn't quite manage to pull it off, but since I'd been bragging about having more than one friends-with-benefits arrangement, I found it impossible not to take the bet. We finalized the rules (it had to be full-on intercourse, and a threesome didn't count as two girls unless it took place over two days), and then I spent the

rest of the weekend doing some groundwork and setting up plans with some women I know.

On Monday I got together with Gina, my most dependable go-to partner. She's gorgeous from head to tits and ass. She arrived at my apartment right on time, and we immediately started making out on the couch. She took off her bra and panties, then gave me a sexy lap dance. My cock was rock-hard and she knew I was ready, so she unzipped my jeans, pulled down my boxer briefs, pushed my shaft inside her moist cave, and rode me till we both exploded.

For Tuesday, I'd set up a date with another free spirit, Anna. She runs hot or cold, depending on her mood or—she claims—the phases of the moon. Luckily for me, there was a full moon, which I knew was a good sign. I went to her place, where we chatted, ate some takeout, and finally got down and dirty. Anna is very slender and flexible, and she gyrated her juicy pussy against my body while I thrust into her. I squeezed her sweet ass and sucked on her tiny tits as we both came.

Hump day was not even a challenge. Since I'd moved into my complex a few months before, my next-door neighbor had been eyeing me like she wanted to sink her teeth into me. I could tell she wanted to fuck my brains out, but next door is too close for comfort. I never hook up with someone who lives that close to home. But when I'd run into her on Sunday, she'd said she was moving at the end of the month, so it was on. I knocked on her door and asked her if she had any sugar. Laura knew what I really meant because she leaned in, caressed my face, and drove her tongue down my throat. I tested the waters by brushing my hand over her ass. When she reached down to cup my package, I knew I was in. Laura led me into her bedroom, where she rode me reverse-cowgirl till the sounds and sensations sent me over the edge.

Thursday is ladies' night at the trendy club in town. Usually, I have my pick of beautiful twentysomethings. I chose to pursue a blonde with large, perky tits. She had on such a tight-fitting dress that her nipples were visible, and there were no panty lines, meaning her pussy would be accessible. I offered her a drink, and she beamed and got all touchy-feely with me as she sipped her apple Martini. She was so down to fuck. One



Gina gave me a sexy lap dance. My cock was rock-hard and she knew I was ready, so she rode me till we exploded.

of her friends tried to cockblock me by asking Blondie to dance with her, but all her attention was on me. I led her to a couch in a corner and we dove into a heavy-duty makeout session. I slipped my hand up her dress and found her engorged clit, flicking it with my fingers until I felt her quiver. Then I took the risk of unzipping my fly, slipping out my erect cock, and pumping my dick into her. Neither of us cared that we parted ways without exchanging names or numbers.

On Friday after work, I had plans to help my sister's friend move. We'd hooked up once in the past, but she told me to never tell my sister, since she'd had a boyfriend at the time. Now they'd broken up, and she was moving out of their apartment. After I carried the last box into her new place and offered it to her, Kendra offered her box to me. She sprawled out on her bed, spread her legs wide, and gave me full access to her beautiful, smooth slit. Five down, two to go.

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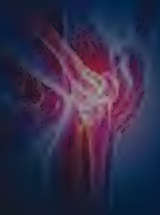
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Saturday was a random hookup with Melinda. We got together a lot on Saturdays because her husband's business trips always went until Sunday. I found it strange that the guy was gone on a weekend day for business so often, and figured her man was cheating, too. That made me feel no guilt for filling Melinda's sex void.

Sunday was the biggest challenge, and a couple of possible partners had turned me down. Instead, I headed for a late workout at the gym. One of the trainers, Sasha, and I had eye-fucked each other on a number of occasions, so I figured I had a good chance with her. She usually closed up on Sunday evenings, and sure enough, she was there doing squats to maintain her stellar ass. She caught me checking her out and told me the gym was closing. I asked her if she wanted dinner. We ate out, then she came to my place and I ate her out. Then, of course, we got it on.

The guys couldn't believe it, but I'd fulfilled my goal—and I had photos of my lovers to prove it. Now I've got lifelong bragging rights.—D.M., Ohio

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The servers were by the door as we answered, greeting the guests with long-stemmed glasses filled with pink champagne. The delectable hors d'oeuvres definitely impressed the guests. In fact, a stuck-up woman from my tennis club snorted, "If the appetizers are so sensational, I can't imagine what we're in for when the main course arrives." Just as she said that, my husband walked into the dining room. "Speaking of mouthwatering, he looks delicious," the woman added, licking her lips as if he were on the menu.

"That's my husband," I responded.

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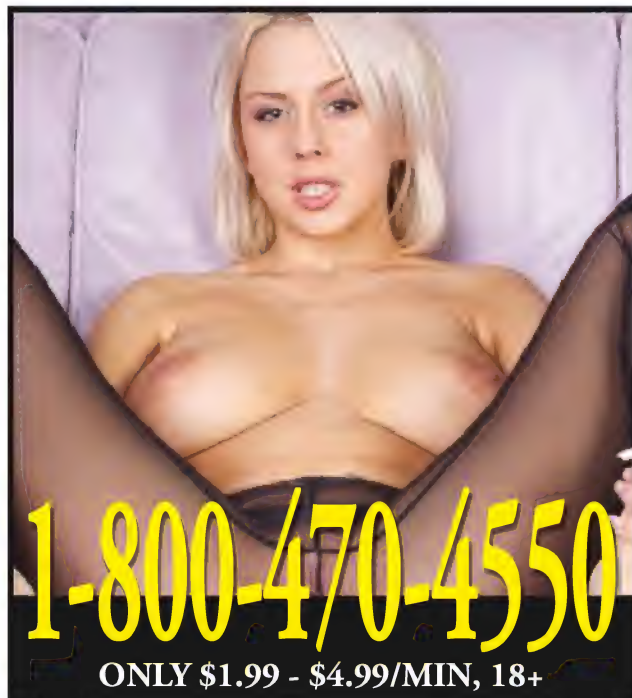
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I flipped my body on top of his, straddled his cock, and rubbed my tits on his face.

Dave did look scrumptious. His muscular body filled out his shirt and pants flawlessly, plus his tanned skin from our recent vacation made his green eyes pop. When he brushed his fingers through his jet-black hair, I think every woman in the room grew warm in her nether regions.

"Hey, beautiful," Dave said, pulling me aside and planting a kiss on my red lips. I smudged off some of the lipstick he got on him with a cocktail napkin.

"Vanessa, you know what that dress does to me," he said, almost sounding like he was giving me a warning. Indeed, I was well aware what the dress did to him—to us. It's a red-hot number that displays my toned physique, from my long legs to my generous cleavage. His naughty reaction to me was titillating.

Everyone mingled as the servers passed trays, and every time Dave and I were next to each other, one of us was intimately touching the other.

After the dessert was finally served, Dave and I practically threw our guests out of the house. We had no interest in extending our hosting obligations, and were far more interested in jumping into our bed. As soon as the last guest left and the caterers were done cleaning up, he carried me up the stairs, passionately kissing me.

Dave kicked open the double doors to our master bedroom. He tore off my dress, exposing my braless tits and freshly waxed pussy, then caressed

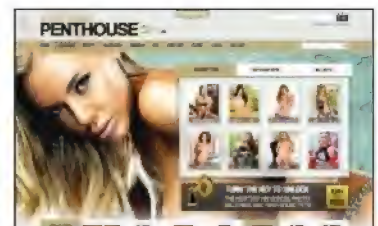
my body with his hands, lips, and tongue. As he leaned over me, I unbuttoned his shirt, seductively brushing my lips on each exposed piece of hot skin. Then I unzipped his pants and took hold of his hard-on, stroking his shaft until it was at its maximum length. In one quick thrust, Dave hammered his cock into my drenched hole. While his meat massaged my insides, my pussy lips gripped his pole to intensify the sensations. I was at my breaking point.

"Come for me, Vanessa," Dave encouraged as he impaled my love cave with his luscious gift. My pussy oozed in delight and my body shook in thunderous sensational vibrations as he took me there. But while I was satisfied, I was also hungry for more. I flipped my body on top of his, straddled his cock, and rubbed my tits and stiff nips on his face. Dave dove back in, thrusting deep inside me. I rode my man like a rodeo champion, my tits bouncing as we gyrated. Finally, I felt Dave buck under the volcanic heat and he growled, "Fuck, yeah!" I held on to him as he spewed his load inside me, then we fell asleep wrapped up together.

Before the sun came up, Dave's dick had already risen. I playfully tugged on his morning wood, ready for more action. In an instant, my husband's gorgeous sausage was back inside my pussy.—V.W., Colorado

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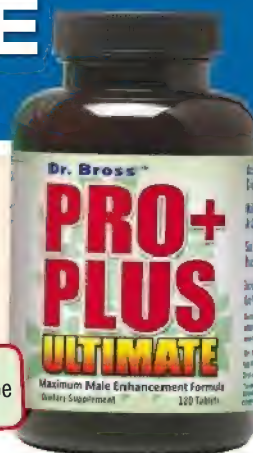


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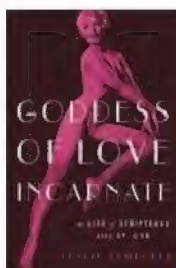
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Lili St. Cyr

The new book *Goddess of Love Incarnate* tells the story of the woman *60 Minutes* reporter Mike Wallace called “the highest-paid striptease in America.”

By Christine Colby



Author and documentary filmmaker Leslie Zemeckis thought that after researching her book and film project *Behind the Burly Q*, she knew all about the life of notorious burlesque queen Lili St. Cyr. However, after being approached by St. Cyr's only living relative, her younger sister Dardy, she realized there was more to tell. “Dardy came to me with some boxes of photos and memorabilia, and said, ‘You really need to write this story,’” says

Zemeckis. “I thought I already knew her story and that it was out there, but I looked through the boxes and became obsessed. I was so lucky to be able to talk to so many people who had known her.”

St. Cyr was the first burlesque performer to use a transparent bathtub onstage, which became widely copied. “The bathtub act, that’s what set her apart. Seeing somebody bathing onstage was scandalizing and different,” Zemeckis says. St. Cyr’s style of burlesque was less bump-and-grind, and more about telling stories through vignettes in glamorous boudoir settings, giving the audience a voyeuristic thrill as she bathed and dressed in front of them, while not acknowledging them or playing to their favor. She was haughty, aloof, and elegant, which increased her appeal with female fans as well, who often came to her shows to admire her designer gowns and genuine diamond jewelry. One of those fans was Marilyn Monroe. “She would often go to the clubs where Lili was performing, and was entranced with her—how she did her makeup, how she walked and talked,” Zemeckis says.

St. Cyr was also the first stripper to play Las Vegas, in its early days. “She played there almost 30 years,” Zemeckis says. “She opened the city up to that type of entertainment.”

Lili St. Cyr had a very long career, and a life full of glamour, romances with Hollywood actors, six marriages, several arrests, and a penniless, reclusive end, addicted to heroin. She worked hard, played hard, made bundles of money and blew it all on luxury. As her sister Dardy told Zemeckis, “I don’t feel sorry for the way she ended up, because nobody lived a life like she did.”

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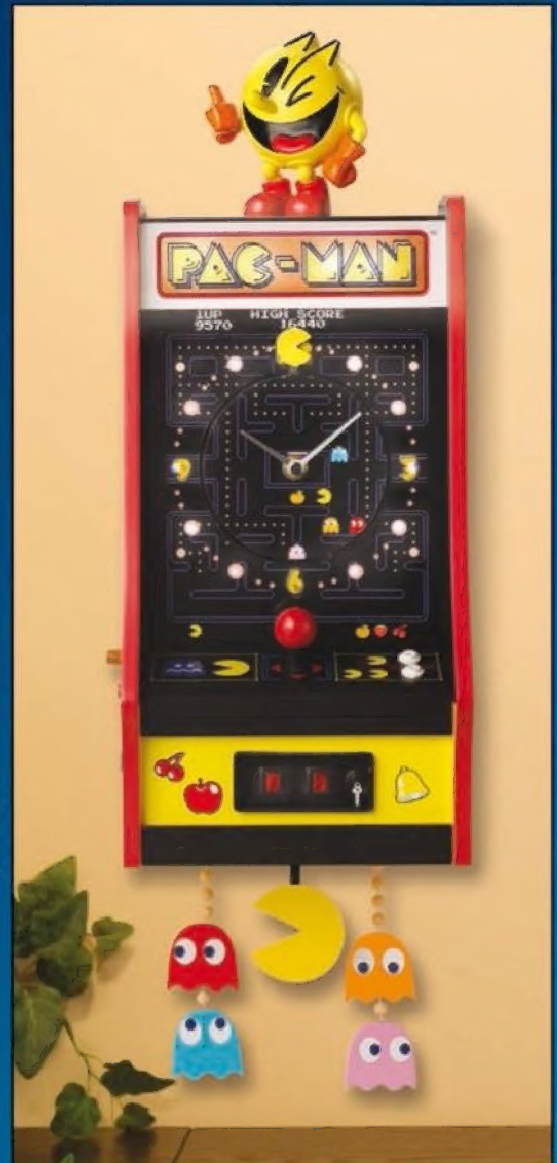
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